WAR OF 1812 Brock's sacrifice saves Queenston Heights

CANADA'S HISTORY

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CANADA'S HISTORY

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Canada

Peacekeeping nation?

Of all our dreams today there is none more important — or so hard to realize — than that of peace in the world.

— Lester Pearson

Canada has been called a "nation of peacekeepers." It's important to remember, though, that our first foray into peacekeeping was less than successful.

On July 26, 1956, the world watched as a crisis erupted over control of the Suez Canal. Egypt, led by Gamal Abdel Nasser, had just nationalized the strategic waterway, provoking anger from Israel, Britain, and France.

In late October of that year, Israel invaded the Sinai; the conflict threatened to spiral out of control. Thankfully, deft diplomacy by Canadian External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson resulted in a United Nations-backed international military force that would patrol the Suez and help restore peace to the region.

So far, so good. But, while most Canadians remember that Pearson won the Nobel Prize for "inventing peacekeeping," fewer recall that Canadians were conspicuously absent when boots hit the ground in the Suez in late November of 1956.

That's because Nasser objected to Canadians taking part in the United Nations Emergency Force. How could Canada be neutral, Nasser argued, when it intended to offer "the Queen's Own Rifles" up as peacekeepers and it still featured the Union Jack on its Red Ensign? (In the end, Canada supplied logistical support to the mission.)

It was a complicated beginning to a sometimes-conflicted history of peacekeeping in Canada. Since 1956, more than 125,000 Canadians have served as peacekeepers in literally dozens of peace missions in more than thirty countries.

There have been successes (Mozambique, El Salvador, Cambodia) but also outright failures (Rwanda and Somalia).

In this issue, military historian Jack Granatstein argues in his essay "Who Killed Canadian Peacekeeping?" that peacekeeping is an important skill but by no means a defining one for Canada's military. Granatstein writes that the armed forces need to be flexible enough to handle any future crisis, "from UN observer missions to outright war. … Yes, peacekeeping is still a special Canadian military skill. Our soldiers have done well in difficult situations. But peacekeeping cannot be their only skill."

MARIANNE HELM

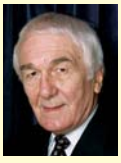
So are we a nation of peacekeepers? It's certainly not a view that's universally held by those who serve in Canada's military. Perhaps a more pertinent question is: When should Canada intervene in other nations' affairs?

Since 1956, 121 Canadians have lost their lives while peacekeeping, and many more have been injured. Around the globe, there's certainly no shortage of potential missions. From Syria to Sudan, oppression and misery abound. But, as retired Canadian Lieutenant-General Roméo Dallaire asked in *Shake Hands with the Devil* — his haunting memoir of leading the UN mission in 1993–94 during the massacres in Rwanda — "How do we pick and choose where to get involved?"

Mark Reid

Contributors

Jack Granatstein, author of "Who Killed Canadian Peacekeeping," taught history for thirty years. He is a senior research fellow of the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute, was director and CEO of the Canadian War Museum, and writes on military history, foreign and defence policy, and public policy. His publications include *The Generals*, *Canada's Army*, and *Who Killed the Canadian Military?*



Richard Gwyn, who wrote about John A. Macdonald in "Canada's Father Figure," is one of Canada's most highly regarded political columnists. He is also the author of seven bestselling books and the winner of multiple awards. Gwyn studied at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He wrote two books about Macdonald — *Nation Maker* (2011) and *John A: The Man Who Made Us* (2007). Gwyn is an officer of the Order of Canada.

Don Hickey, who wrote about the Battle of Queenston Heights, holds a Ph.D. from the University of Illinois and is a professor of history at Wayne State College in Nebraska. An award-winning author, Hickey has written six books on the War of 1812, most recently *The War of 1812: A Forgotten Conflict* (Bicentennial edition, 2012). Hickey also serves as series editor for John Hopkins Books on the War of 1812.

Maggie Van Emmerik, author of "Chilkoot Trial," lives and writes in Langley, British Columbia. Her interest in walking the historic gold rush trail — and in history generally — was sparked by her grandfather, an avid reader who loved to share knowledge. She has travelled widely but dons her hiking boots now only to appease Ruby, a black lab cross who loves nature trails but won't be doing a five-day hike any time soon.

Face value

I read with great interest the article in the June–July 2012 issue entitled "Face or Fiction," about artists' attempts over the years to portray Tecumseh, the Shawnee hero of the War of 1812, although no authentic portrait from life has ever been found.

The author also lists various literary forms in which Tecumseh has been celebrated, but does not mention drama. In 1886, the Canadian poet Charles Mair (1838–1927), published *Tecumseh: A Drama*. It has since been republished several times. Mair's poetic drama was never performed onstage in his lifetime, and because it reflects the virulently anti-American sentiments prevalent in that period of Canada's history it is unlikely that *Tecumseh* would ever be staged today.

Nevertheless, in this year when so much attention is being paid to Canada's role in the War of 1812, Mair's neglected drama about the heroic Tecumseh might be accorded a small share of the limelight.

Dorothy Sedgwick
Toronto

Full picture

I suggest that Sarah Scott literally missed the bigger picture when she overlooked Tecumseh's 2008 portrait by Canadian artist Gertrude Kearns.

Kearns was commissioned by the Royal Canadian Military Institute (RCMI) to create portraits of both General Brock and Shawnee Chief Tecumseh, which were unveiled at RCMI in November 2008.

The artist, who was part of the Canadian Forces Artists Program in Afghanistan, took the time and care to research collections of clothing, weapons, and personal items associated with the man, the circumstances of his life and the period, as well as to interview and sketch a direct descendant, together with other Shawnee individuals in Oklahoma, before creating a series of study sketches from live models in Toronto.

This was an important creative project with a significant historical purpose by a highly accomplished and recognized Canadian artist resulting in a pair of portraits as well as studies (now owned by the Canadian War Museum) that I should think warrant some acknowledgement in your article.

Andrew M. Stewart
Toronto

Defending the Crown

I can hardly contain my utter disgust for the article "Maple Leaf Crown," in the June–July 2012 issue of *Canada's History*. I can find no mention of the author. If I had written such tripe, I would hide my name, too. (I am a past-president of the Historical Society of Alberta.)

The representative of our nation on the world stage should not be subject to the cheap comments in this article — so the author has refused to attend events attended by our head of state, yet pretends to be a Canadian. His mocking of his mother's Englishness is unpleasant to say the least. Queen Elizabeth is the queen of Canada. That is a simple fact. His opinion is irrelevant!

The government of Canada seems to be functioning well. The same cannot be said for the great republic to the south. How could anyone hold that nation up as an example?

How would replacing the most respected person in the world by a worn-out politician as our head of state be an improvement? Ask the people of Slave Lake if they would rather have had a visit from a politician or the heir to the throne. I doubt if many would agree with your writer.

Canada has always been a monarchy since Europeans began the process of bringing the nation into the wider world. If you are proposing to wipe out that history and tradition to replace it with something else, it is incumbent on you to explain how your proposed system would be an improvement.

The present government has taken some steps to re-establish the monarch as the centre of the constitutional state. Your author downgrades the role of the Queen. I hope the next time he gets a traffic ticket he reads the fine print. If he does, he will see that it is Her Majesty the Queen who summons him to answer — not a cop and not the Crown. In criminal action, it is Regina (the Queen) versus Joe Blow.

I hope you will present a more balanced point of view in the future.

Ron Williams
Strome, Alberta

[*Editor's note: The article's author, Christopher Moore, was clearly identified in both*

GOVERNOR GENERAL'S HISTORY AWARD

Flora Fung

Flora Fung, Oshawa Central Collegiate, Oshawa, Ontario Flora Fung believes in making the learning experience as real as possible for students. She does this in many ways; for example, she uses a paper World War I battle simulation in her classroom, in which students design their own trenches and work together to implement defensive and offensive battle strategies. Ms. Fung also works with the Hong Kong Veterans Commemorative Association (HKVCA) to raise awareness of local veterans who took part in the battle of Hong Kong in World War II. In a special ceremony, the school adopted nine Oshawa Hong Kong veterans. She also launched the Portraits of Valour writing contest; students from across the country research and honour five Hong Kong veterans annually. Finally, Ms. Fung created Operation Thank You, a project she's shared with teachers across the country. The project encourages students to write to soldiers serving abroad, so they can draw connections between soldiers of the past and the conditions of military service today.

The Governor General's History Awards recognize outstanding contributions to further Canadian knowledge and interest in history through classroom teaching, academic research, museums, community programming, and popular media. To nominate a teacher from your community, visit our website www.canadashistory.ca/awards. The Governor General's History Awards are generously supported by TD Bank.

TD

CANADA'S HISTORY awards

the table of contents and in the article itself. Mr. Moore says he stands by his article.]

History matters

I agree with some critics that the monarchy is archaic. If we were redesigning our government from scratch, we would probably do something else for our head of state.

However, as history lovers, should we not like archaic institutions? The monarchy connects us to ancient history. The Queen can trace her ancestry not only to William the Conqueror and Alfred the Great but also to non-British notables such as Arpad, who led the Hungarians into Europe in the ninth century (through St. Margaret of Scotland) and Mohammed (through Spanish royalty). Besides, it would be more trouble than it is worth to change things; this is not one of Canada's major problems. And I doubt that a purely Canadian head of state would save us much money.

Finally, a large proportion of the countries that appear on various lists of good places to live are, like Canada, constitutional monarchies — so why not leave well enough alone?

G.H. Fraser
Ottawa

Sail-ebration

I just want to thank you for the lovely article in your April–May 2012 issue featuring not only the Canadian aspect of the *Titanic* story, but also a wonderful schematic drawing complete with facts about size and structural details.

My grandson, who is just turning three, has been fascinated with the *Titanic* for about six months and requested a *Titanic* cake. Thanks to your article, I was able to construct an identifiable model. I attach a picture (the iceberg is whipped cream!)

E. Jackson
Via email

Titanic tales

I found your recent article about the loss of the RMS *Titanic* in 1912 to be most interesting. My great grandfather was mayor of Halifax in 1873, when another White Star liner, the S.S. *Atlantic*, was lost near that city, with a great loss of life. I still have a carpenter's box retrieved by my grandfather when he visited the site.

My grandparents knew an elderly gentleman in Halifax who sailed on the *Titanic* and died. His body was never found. He was quite deaf and some wags said that he did not know the ship was going down. A group called the Zonta Club maintains his home in Halifax as an example of an Edwardian residence.

My wife and I visited the Astor home in Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Astor was lost on the *Titanic*. I knew someone in Halifax whose great uncle retrieved his body. My father was in high school at that time and was asked by his teacher to lower the flag.

W.J. Curran
Ottawa

Errata

[*In the June–July 2012 Album, it should have read that Rose and Margaret (Elsegood) are holding the newspaper and Dorothy Elsegood is shown standing third from the left (in the flowered dress).*]

Canada's History welcomes reader's comments. E-mail us at editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to Canada's History, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 2E9. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

IMAGE © THE MANITOBA MUSEUM, HBC MUSEUM COLLECTION

Tsimshian fish hook

The Tsimshian, who lived along the northern coast of British Columbia, caught halibut by setting large V-shaped hooks on the bottom of fishing banks. Usually, the hooks were made of wood, bone, and spruce root. A fisherman would lash a barb to one arm of the hook and traditionally carved a "spirit helper" into the other arm to provide supernatural assistance. This example has twine threaded through the centre of what looks like a sea lion.

— **Mark McAvoy**

In The Beaver… 90 Years Ago

Planting the prairie forests

The November 1922 issue explained the importance of a tree-planting campaign on the prairies. The article described the Canadian Forestry Association's success in both growing trees and educating farmers about the benefits of tree cultivation. The Hudson's Bay Company was "vitally interested in the settlement and development of the West" and was a supporter and contributor to the Canadian Forestry Association.

60 Years Ago

Punishable by death

In the September 1952 issue, Gilean Douglas related a Kwakiutl tale of a massacre that took place about 180 years ago on Gilford Island. A woman from Guayasdums, or the "outside place," stole a sacred *hamatsa* — a ceremonial whistle representing the voices of spirits — from a Bella Bella woman during a winter dance ceremony. After returning home, the Bella Bella sent three war canoes to Guayasdums and killed all but seven members of the Crow and Scow families.

30 Years Ago

Ornate objects

Jean Blodgett, the former curator of Inuit art at the Winnipeg Art Gallery, wrote in the Autumn 1982 issue about the many uses for whalebone among the Thule people. Whalebone was utilized for weapons and tools, burial cairns, houses, and as an artistic medium. As Blodgett explained, it was not a popular medium for the Thule artists — who preferred to use ivory — but decorative incisions can be found in much of the functional equipment they created.

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to: **CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost**.
To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company go to: **hbcom/hbc/history**.

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Poutine

ISTOCK

Poutine is gooey, artery-clogging, and delicious, and if you're Canadian you've probably scarfed down a serving or three at some point. The Québécois delicacy — french fries topped with cheese curds and drenched in gravy — has become part of Canada's cultural identity.

While the comfort food's popularity is clear-cut, its origins are anything but, with several Quebec-based chefs and restaurateurs claiming to be its inventor.

Fernand Lachance of Warwick, Quebec, has often been credited as the definitive poutine creator. As the story goes, in 1957 a trucker came into his restaurant, Lutin Qui Rit, and ordered fries. But when the trucker saw cheese curds sitting on the counter, he asked Lachance to add them to the fries, in a bag.

Lachance did as the customer ordered but is reported to have called the concoction "*une maudite poutine*" (a hell of a mess). Lachance began adding gravy to the mixture in 1964.

Among others vying for the title of poutine's originator is Jean-Paul Roy, who says his Drummondville restaurant, Le Roy Jucep, was serving poutine, with gravy, by 1956 but under another name.

It was first called "*fromage-patate-sauce*" (cheese-potato-sauce), as customers were asking that cheese curd be added to the regular *patate-sauce*. In 1964, Roy says, the name was changed to poutine, from *pouding*, a slang word used around the restaurant to describe any sort of mixture.

Whoever invented this delicious concoction, poutine is a distinctly Canadian treat.

— Sandy Klowak

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Montreal nightlife: Ruby Foo's, a favourite roadhouse with a men-about-town clientele
Montreal, April 28, 1951, Weekend magazine collection

This photograph, which ran as part of a *Weekend* magazine photo story entitled "Montreal night life," is a wonderful time capsule of middle-class postwar life in a North American city. It includes shiny new cars, fur coats, live entertainment, Chinese and American food, cocktails, and air conditioning.

By 1950s standards, Ruby Foo's had it all. This image, photographed by Louis Jaques, appeared alongside photographs of nightclub staff and interiors, musicians, and other nightlife imagery.

Weekend magazine was a supplement that ran in the Saturday edition of local newspapers across the country and included colour images and advertising. It featured a veritable who's who of Canadian photojournalists working during the golden age of photojournalism in Canada.

Selected by Library and Archives Canada photo archivist Shannon Perry.

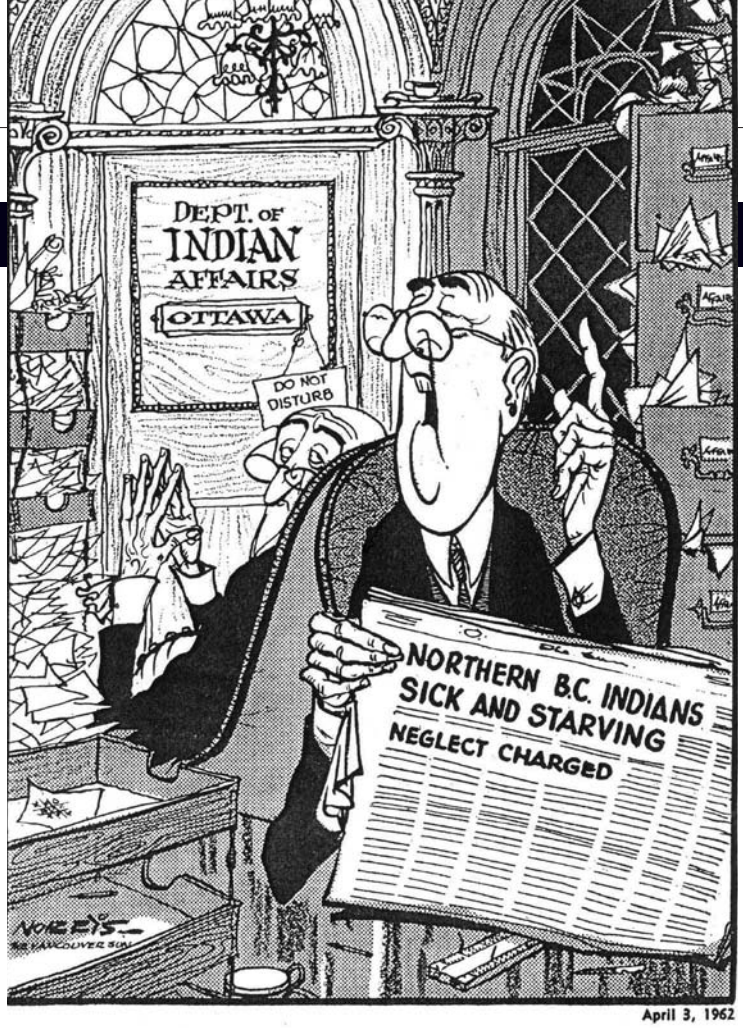
TAKE THE DAY OFF

October 9

To mark the day in 1820 when Cape Breton was reintegrated into Nova Scotia after being a separate colony for thirty-six years. Catch up with old friends.

October 13

To observe the French surrender of Port Royal and all of Acadia to the British on this date in 1710. Relax your siege mentality.



"Rather silly of them not to live in Red China or Cuba, then we'd be happy to send them wheat, milk . . . anything."

LAUGH LINES

Far-sighted

This cartoon by Len Norris appeared in the April 3, 1962, edition of the *Vancouver Sun*.

The recent news about miserable living conditions suffered by Aboriginal people in northern Ontario is nothing new in Canadian history. As this cartoon illustrates, the same shocking conditions drew criticism in British Columbia fifty years ago.

B.C. cartoonist Len Norris was best known for producing delightfully humorous cartoons that poked gentle fun at individuals caught up in everyday situations. But on rare occasions he produced a cartoon every bit as hard-hitting as those made by cartoonists who regularly commented on political affairs.

In this cartoon Norris attacks the Canadian government's willingness to provide aid to foreign countries while ignoring pressing domestic concerns.

— Charles Hou

Charles Hou is the author of several books about historical Canadian political cartoons.

BY THE NUMBERS

Catholic Women's League of Canada

On November 13, 1912, Katherine Hughes set up a meeting of Edmonton Catholic women to discuss forming a national organization. Hughes had noticed an influx of young immigrant women into Canada and believed they required help with their assimilation into the local culture and workforce. Building from that first meeting one hundred years ago, the Catholic Women's League of Canada (CWL) promotes religious and charitable work including services and support for immigrant and refugee women, single mothers, victims of substance abuse, parentless children, and victims of sexual abuse.

7 Parishes in Edmonton that joined the CWL by 1920.

1,300 Parishes across Canada today with active CWL councils.

50 Wage in dollars per month for the operator of the CWL's first women's immigrant shelter in Edmonton.

1922 The year CWL president Bellelle Guerin became the first Canadian woman to receive the La Croce Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice award from the papacy.

7,553 Immigrants met by CWL representatives in 1919 at Halifax's Pier 21.

1,400 JELL-O packages collected annually by the Alexandria-Cornwall, Ontario, chapter for Christmas hampers.

— Katherine Dow

October 30

To note the day in 1830 when escaped U.S. slave Josiah Henson, later the basis for the fictional character Uncle Tom, settled with his family at Dresden, Ontario. Make a fresh start.

November 27

To recall the beginning of 1967's Confederation of Tomorrow conference of provincial premiers in Toronto. Take your morning constitutional.

November 28

To remember the day in 1913 when British Columbia Chief Justice Gordon Hunter ruled against an order-in-council that barred immigrants of "Asiatic origin." Come as you are.

COME VNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOVR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I
O WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE BEAVTY OF HOLINESS
SVFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME VNTO ME

PETER COFFMAN

HIDDEN HERITAGE

St Anne's Anglican Church

Toronto, designed by Ford Howland, 1907, decorated by J.E.H. MacDonald and others, 1923–25

"There is one city church which is not afraid of innovation," Toronto's *The Globe* newspaper wrote on December 15, 1923. "When the present St. Anne's was built in Byzantine style instead of the conventional Gothic, there was surprise and to this day its unusual lines … stand out for their suggestion of the Moslem world."

By the time St. Anne's Church was completed in 1925, it was certainly the oddest Anglican church in Toronto, and probably in the country. Commissioned by Canon Lawrence Skey, an Anglican clergyman who seemed born to be a square peg in a round hole, it is in the domed Byzantine style rather than the accepted and expected Anglican Gothic.

When money became available in 1923 to complete the interior decoration, he hired neither an established liturgical artist, nor an authority on Byzantine icons, nor even a good Anglican. Instead he commissioned a landscape painter whom he had met at the Arts and Letters Club, named J.E.H. MacDonald, and who was otherwise forging a reputation as an *enfant terrible* of Canadian painting as a founding member of the most famous art movement the country had ever seen, the Group of Seven.

MacDonald's original plan for St. Anne's had been to design the whole program himself and to execute it with the help of some of his students at the Ontario College of Art. Unfortunately for him, by the time he was ready to begin work his students had left for the summer break. MacDonald did what anyone would do in such circumstances: He called on his friends for help — including friends named Varley, Carmichael, Loring, and Wyle.

St. Anne's saw the participation of three members of the revered Group of Seven (the only group project they ever worked on) as well as the most renowned Canadian sculptors of the day. To use a distinctly Canadian metaphor, MacDonald and Skey assembled a group of first team all-stars of Canadian art, got them to play as a team, and scored a stunning and unequivocal team victory. It is a unique — and uniquely Canadian — masterpiece.

— Peter Coffman

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

All in the family

Scottish lord visits Canada to join clan with Métis descendants

An ancient Scottish clan that played key roles in British history — including during eighteenth-century Jacobite uprisings — recently reunited with two Canadian branches of the family.

In July, the chief of Clan Grant came to Winnipeg to honour the descendants of Métis fur trader Cuthbert Grant as well as a branch of the Grant family that settled in the Yukon.

Sir James Grant, also known as Lord Strathspey, delivered papers that proclaimed Siol Cudbright, comprised of Cuthbert Grant's descendants, an official sept (or branch) of Clan Grant, and he declared that the Yukon branch be known as the MacRobbie Grants of Trois-Rivières.

Sir James Grant, Lord Strathspey, left, his wife Judy, right, and Nicholas Horyski portraying Cuthbert Grant, centre, near Grant's Old Mill in Winnipeg.

PHIL KOCH

The Clan Grant has for centuries held land in the north of Scotland near the famed Loch Ness, where it took part in historic events such as the Wars of Scottish Independence and the seventeenth-century English Civil War. The Grants avoided the fates suffered by other Scots during the Highland clearances, but Cuthbert Grant was one of many who came to Canada late in the eighteenth century to engage in the fur trade.

His son Cuthbert Grant Jr., born to a Métis mother in what is now Saskatchewan, worked for both the North West Company and then the Hudson's Bay Company. Sent to Scotland for education, he returned to the prairies, became a leader of the Métis people, and founded Grantown (now St. François Xavier, Manitoba). A replica of his flour mill has been constructed along Sturgeon Creek in west Winnipeg and is the site of annual Cuthbert Grant Day festivities.

On July 14, this year's Cuthbert Grant Day, Lord Strathspey and his wife Judy arrived at Grant's Old Mill aboard a traditional Red River cart with an escort of Scottish pipers. They had been invited by Sandra Horyski of the St. James Assiniboia Pioneer Association, herself a descendant of Cuthbert Grant Sr.

Horyski, named the first steward of Siol Cudbright, has helped Strathspey learn about the roles played by the Grants in the development of the Canadian West and will continue to foster the revived relationship with the clan.

Visitors came from as far away as Scotland as well as from Yukon and Montana, where some Grant descendants settled, to take part in events arranged for Strathspey's time in Canada. As Métis fiddlers, singers, and dancers performed in the field beside the mill, people seeking to trace their connections pored over a huge genealogical chart that ran the length the building's lower level.

Among those who travelled from Yukon was Anita Grant Steele. She arrived with other descendants of William Grant of Trois-Rivières, Quebec, who died in 1810 after his own career in the fur trade.

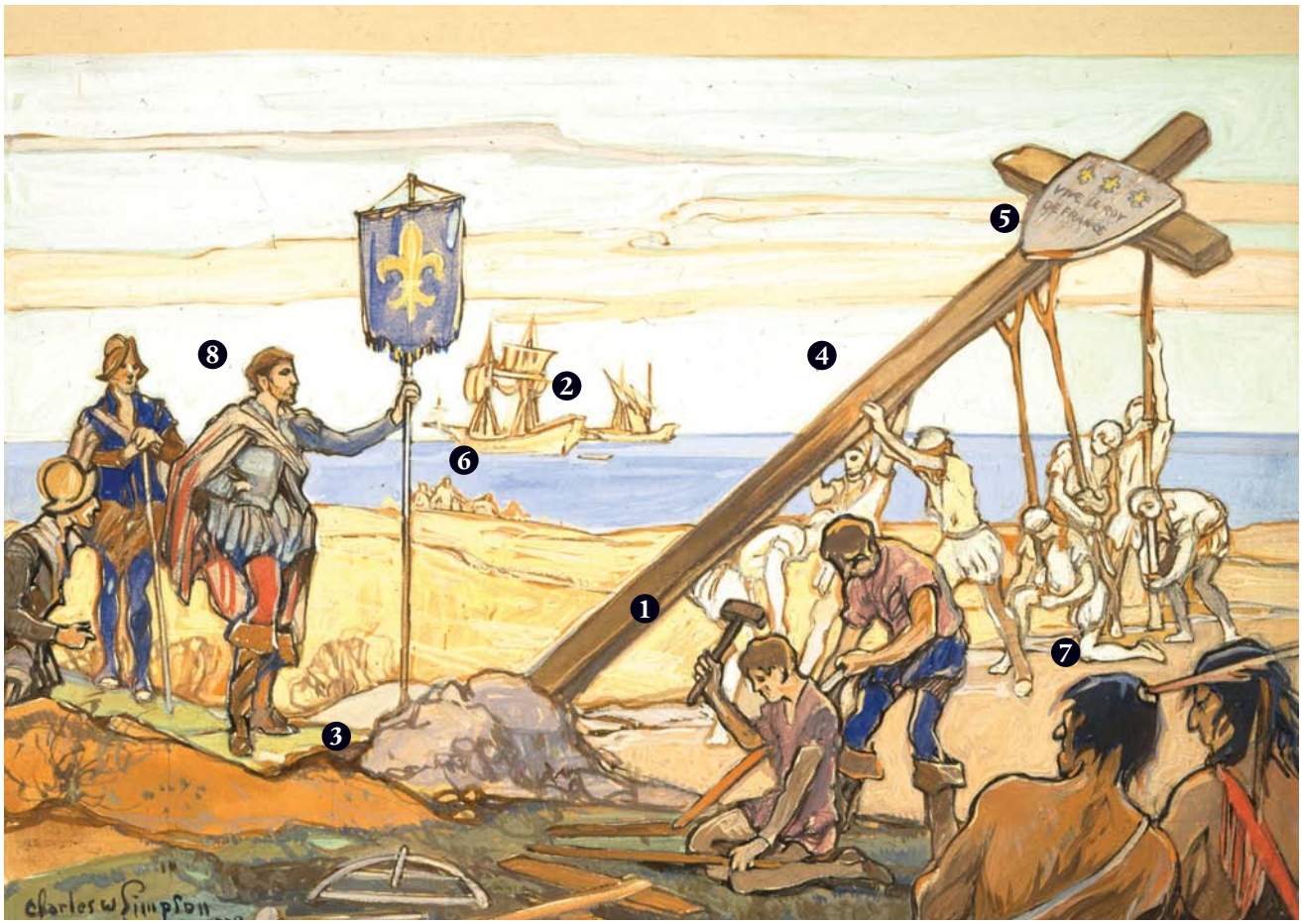
Steele organized a reunion tea with Lord Strathspey at Winnipeg's Fort Garry Hotel and said it was "the first time in 250 years that the Canadian branch has been reunited, in Canada, with a kinsman from Scotland." Named the first steward of the MacRobbie Grants of Trois-Rivières, she eagerly tells how William Grant's descendants helped to settle the West and how they earned distinction in conflicts from the War of 1812 to Afghanistan.

Lord Strathspey and his wife also travelled to Lebret, Saskatchewan. For more about their visit, see CanadasHistory.ca/GrantReunion.

— Phil Koch

Visitors study the genealogical chart at Grant's Old Mill.

PHIL KOCH



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For king and country

Jacques Cartier's historic land claim for the king of France angered the Iroquois inhabitants of the Gaspé.

by Beverley Tallon

1 Artist Charles W. Simpson's 1929 watercolour painting *Cartier sets up a Cross at Gaspé* shows the French explorer and his crew taking possession of the territory in the name of King François I on July 24, 1534.

2 Cartier left Saint-Malo, France, with two ships and sixty-one men on April 20, 1534, travelling across the Atlantic in twenty days.

3 Arriving in the Gaspé region of Quebec on July 14, Cartier was enraptured with its rugged beauty compared to the desolate shores of Newfoundland.

4 The men erected a ten-metre-high cross at Gaspé cut from the abundant timber that grew on Penouille Point at the entrance to the harbour.

5 A shield was attached to the crossbar, which was carved with three fleurs-de-lys done in relief and engraved with the words, *Vive le Roy de France* (Long Live the king of France).

6 Laurentian Iroquois from Stadacona came upon the scene of Cartier's elaborate ceremony when they arrived in the vicinity to go fishing.

7 The fishing party's leader, Chief Donnacona, protested that the land belonged to the Iroquois, but he was pacified with gifts, food, and drink. Cartier assured Donnacona that the cross was merely a marker and convinced the chief that two of his sons should return to France with Cartier.

8 Cartier stayed in the region for eleven days but left having found neither great riches nor a passage to the Orient.

CHRISTOPHER MOORE

Ending the 'forever crisis'

Fewer Canadians fear Quebec's separation from Canada. And that's a good thing.

Who cares what Quebec wants? Barely half of English Canadians, according to a poll taken shortly before Quebec's September 4, 2012, provincial election.

The polling firm Ipsos-Reid asked Canadians how they felt about the prospect of Quebec separating from Canada. Outside Quebec, forty-nine percent said "it's not really a big deal" to them personally. The same percentage said they "don't really care" if it does separate.

"Voting-intention polls tend to be meaningless before the election campaign," Matthew Hayday, who studies nationalism, federalism, and language policy at the University of Guelph, told me when we discussed the poll. "In the heat of a real crisis, the polls might be different." Still, for forty years, Quebec has been the No. 1 ongoing Canadian news story. The province's future, in or out of Canada, has fuelled an endless family quarrel within Quebec and shaped national politics — as well as sending millions of kids into immersion programs. Could the poll be showing the end of all that? Recently, I asked a few historians.

"It really is not that surprising, though it does disappoint," said Nicole Neatby, who teaches Quebec and Canadian history at St. Mary's University in Halifax. "This reaction is a product of several social and political developments that combine to make people perhaps less interested in Quebec." She notes that the older generations — "Trudeau's children" — are losing influence. Few under thirty recall 1995, the last Quebec crisis, and many of the five million immigrants who have arrived since then remain disengaged from the issue. So perhaps it is natural: Canada's forever crisis had to lose steam sometime.

But Michael Behiels, professor of history at the University of Ottawa, argues the poll is no silly-season provocation. He thinks it reflects a fundamental political realignment driven by Prime Minister Stephen Harper. "Harper and his fellow thinkers in Calgary embraced that Belgian model — let Quebec do its thing and the rest of Canada will be freer to do what it chooses." Behiels notes that, despite Harper's early efforts to woo Quebec voters, his base has little interest in or sympathy for Quebec, particularly since the Conservative majority was built without many Quebec seats. "We have come full circle, back to a nineteenth-century English-Canadian idea of Quebecers: to keep them within Quebec, and give them a free hand there."

CANADIAN PRESS

Quebecers wave the Fleur-de-lis during a June 2009 St-Jean-Baptiste Day celebration on the Plains of Abraham in Quebec City.

For Behiels, Harper's position resembles that of Robert Borden, Canada's prime minister during the First World War. "He had Quebec supporters, but the prevailing opinions of his English-Canadian supporters kept them at arm's length. Borden could not do anything with his Quebec supporters."

That is an ominous comparison. Under Borden's leadership, a largely English-Canadian consensus formed around the necessity for military conscription in 1917. But Quebec stood outside the consensus — and the confrontation left deep and lasting divisions. In the 1960s, John Diefenbaker's largely anglophone majority government had similar difficulty engaging with the new mood in Quebec as that province's Quiet Revolution began. With another majority government disengaged from Quebec today, "things could flare up very quickly," says Behiels.

Could a longer trend also be shaping the poll's results? In the 1960s and 1970s, "it was a statistical reality that Quebec was at the bottom of the pay scales and other

indicators," Neatby said. French speakers were genuinely disenfranchised from power and influence in their own society. "Now," she argues, "Quebec as disfavoured seems less warranted. English Canadians observe it has generous social programs, inexpensive daycare, and the lowest tuition costs in Canada. And Quebec culture thrives. Cry me a river, might be the reaction."

Hayday notes, "Since the 1960s, Quebec has taken command of its own development, so there is a confidence that was not there before." He suggests support for independence "is not because Quebec is oppressed by Canada now. It's more by Why not? It is not about grievance but about self-determination."

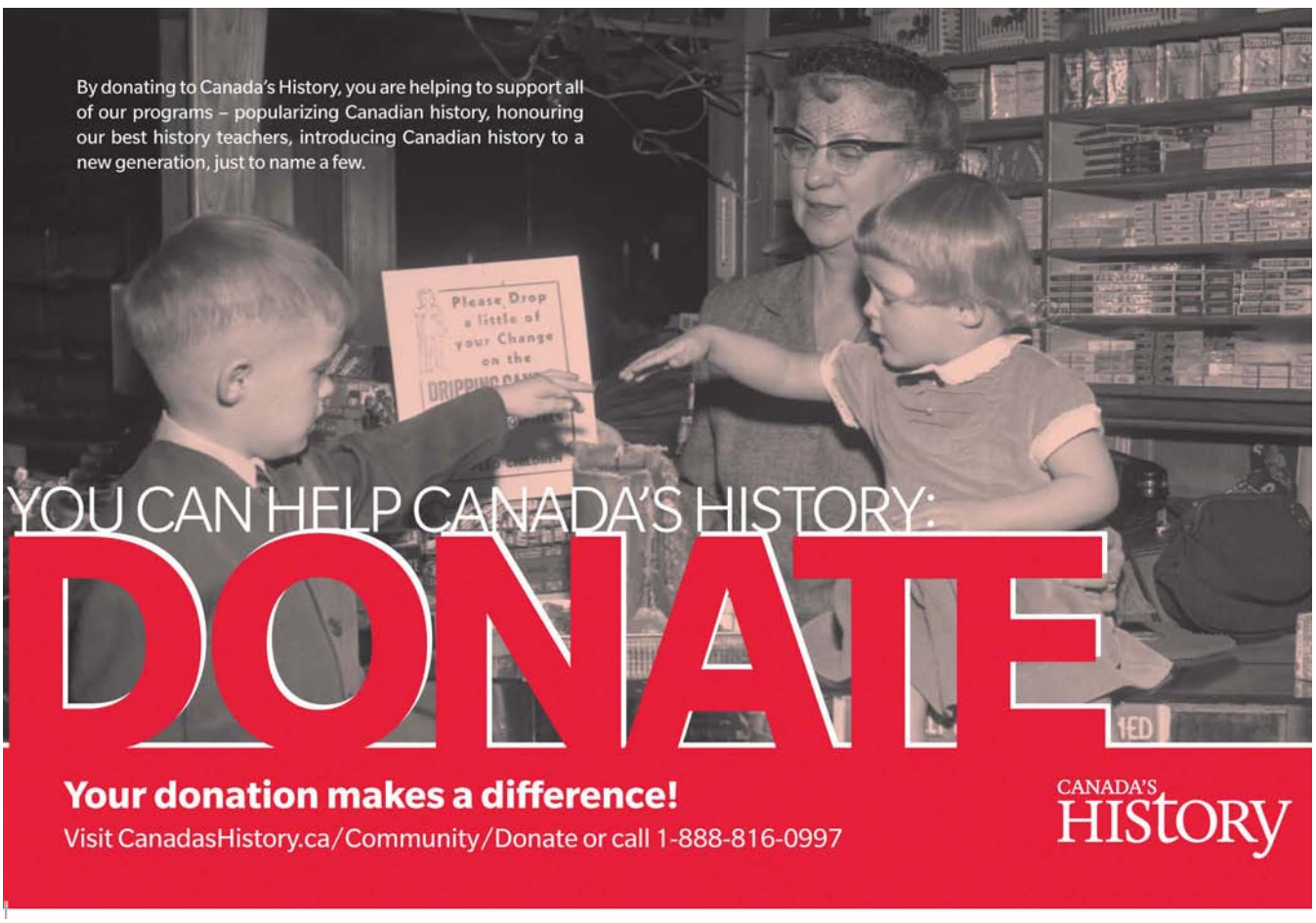
Surely that is a good thing. Quebec and the ROC, the rest of Canada, are indeed as disengaged from each other as ever. (Who in either culture ever knows of the other's hottest new novelist or pop star?) But on both sides confidence and self-respect are greater. The debate on Quebec's future is much less hostage to one side's grievance, or the other's sense of being accused and attacked.

Perhaps that confidence is why the same respondents who did not care about separation were sixty percent in favour of bilingualism. Neatby notes that language learning is not simply about Quebec, for it is widely held that "learning a second language benefits cognitive skills, has economic reasons, and certainly has that global perspective," she said. Young anglophones, like their Quebec counterparts, care about globalization and the environment, she says — cross-border issues, not local ones. Still, "support for bilingualism in English Canada has been pretty steady since the 1980s and had been growing before then," said Hayday. "Bilingualism is supported as part of what makes Canada, a broad value, a defining characteristic."

Could the poll results suggest that fifty years of maturing confidence both in Quebec and in English Canada mean that the permanent debate about how to manage relations between them might now be going on with less grievance, anger, and panic? That would not be so bad.

Putting the "Quebec question" behind us "is never going to happen," said Neatby. "It never disappears." But if it seems a bit less of a big deal all the time, that might be good for everyone.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of Canada's History.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CANADA'S HISTORY

Coming clean

There's much to ponder before airing family secrets, says Paul Jones.

Bring it on! That's how contemporary family historians typically respond to discoveries of ancestral misbehaviour that shocked earlier generations.

One family recently thrilled to the unmasking of a bigamous ancestor. Meanwhile a friend enjoys sifting through the sketchy evidence that her grandfather ran booze across Lake Erie during Prohibition. For many family historians, unthinkably bad genealogical news would be a discovery that their antecedents led blandly respectable lives of no interest to anyone.

Earlier generations felt differently. The kin of those who had disgraced the family took active measures to ensure future generations remained ignorant of the facts. A cone of silence was imposed, documents were altered, and lies passed down as gospel. As a result, the modern-day researcher may be blissfully unaware that there's a story to be found and cannot expect elderly family members to be helpful. Very possibly they remain active conspirators in the cover-up; at the very least they may feel, like my aunt, that these things shouldn't be discussed.

So what do you do when you discover a delicious truth that may be unpalatable to some?

More often than not, untold tales involve sexual or connubial peccadilloes, such as a stay in the army VD clinic, an undisclosed prior marriage or bigamy, or an illegitimate child.

The all-time favourite fudge was the propagation of a fictitious marriage date in order to allow for a full nine-month term for the first-born child. Search hard enough and you'll probably find examples in most family trees, including my own. Few, though, will have experienced the same drama as a genealogical friend who inadvertently displayed a correct marriage date on a family tree distributed at a gathering of the clan. Several cousins pointed out the "error," including one who had been born just five months after his parents' actual wedding.

What would you say to this person? Would you come clean?

ISTOCK

If you were a professional researcher, you would have no choice. The code of ethics of the Association of Professional Genealogists requires that members "refrain from withholding, suppressing … sources or data." A common-sense rule is this: Don't do the research — either personally or through a professional — unless you're prepared to accept extreme and unexpected consequences. This applies to genetic as well as archival research. How would you feel, for example, if you were to learn from a DNA test that your sibling is only a half-brother or half-sister?

Sometimes news may be unwelcome, even if it shouldn't be. One expert in Canada's black pioneer families is sometimes embraced and sometimes rebuffed when she approaches descendants who have always defined themselves as one hundred percent white.

What if research uncovers grievous moral failing or unbearable tragedy? Surely no one wants to prove descent from a rapist or someone who participated in a lynch mob. And who would not feel unspeakable pain at the discovery that a parent or grandparent had lost a young child in heartbreaking circumstances? Would you wish to inflict that pain on other family members?

One group of researchers who have confronted their shared pain includes those whose ancestors were shot at dawn for "cowardice" in the First World War — 312 in total, including twenty-five Canadians — many of them clearly suffering from what we know today as PTSD. Through the efforts of the descendants, pardons have been granted and we all better understand the unpredictable impact of prolonged stress on the psyche.

Most of us don't belong to such support groups and would have to think twice before disseminating to all and sundry unexpected findings of mental illness, run-ins with the law, gross sexual impropriety, or other shortcomings in recent generations.

The consensus view is best expressed by a researcher friend: "I keep 'unwelcome' findings about my more contemporary ancestors (parents, grandparents, and collaterals) to myself and a select few family members out of consideration for those living relatives who would be upset if the findings were made public."

When it comes to generations gone and forgotten, most genealogists have no qualms about full disclosure. As one elderly relative put it to a researcher, "There's nothing new under the sun, but people talk about it more these days."

Note: Anecdotes summarized above may have been altered in inconsequential ways to shield the identities of the individuals, sometimes from themselves!

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.

Log Hut on the St. Maurice, Cornelius Krieghoff (1815-1872) 1862, Painting
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CANADA'S HISTORY

TINA LOO

Urban homesteading

City-dwelling foodies look to the past for inspiration — and solace.

The cheese stands alone, the cheese stands alone, hi-ho the dairy-o, the cheese stands alone!

It does, but it's also pretty good with roasted beets. "It" is chèvre, made by yours truly in a six-hundred-square-foot apartment in downtown Vancouver with nothing but basic kitchen equipment and four litres of Fraser Valley goat's milk. Now I'm now on the hunt for *Penicillium candidum* and real cheesecloth: it's Camembert by Christmas!

Tina Loo's homemade cheese.

TINA LOO

As it turns out, my cheese-making adventures aren't so unusual. In fact, I'm part of a sociological trend. (Don't you hate it when that happens?) Urban homesteading is a twenty-first-century social movement promoting self-sufficiency in the name of sustainable living. Among other things, an urban homestead produces its own food, is powered by alternative energy sources, recycles grey water, and collects rainwater. Urban homesteaders try to recreate a local economy as much as possible, working from their homes and trading goods and services with their neighbours. They're the people with mason bees and chicken coops in their backyards — the annoying ones who brag about making cheese.

What's the appeal here? After all, I grew up in a self-consciously modern household: We were raised by non-hippie parents according to Dr. Spock and with the "helping hands at Kraft," surrounded by Scandinavian design furniture. Orange was the colour of my youth.

No, my journey from Kraft to craft — from Cheez Whiz to artisanal cheese — came as an adult. Like many, I find urban homesteading appealing because it harkens back to a world we seem to have lost, a time that seems simpler and slower. In the process of making bread or planting a garden, there's space for other things to grow — like an understanding of how the natural world works and the limits of our control over it. Acquiring a competency is enormously satisfying, all the more because the self-sufficiency it makes possible is one that's rooted in relationships. It's called DIY, but the doing is often the result of conversations with other DIY-ers. Preserving food or planting fruit trees connects you to a community of like-minded people, and that has great appeal in the fast-paced, fragmented, and anonymous world in which we live, a world where cash is the connective tissue of society.

But urban homesteading isn't just a sociological phenomenon, it's a historical one dating back well beyond the 1960s. In the late nineteenth century, many among the privileged urban classes in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain reacted against the very forces that made modern life modern: mechanization, industrialization, and urbanization — in short, all the developments that are commonly thought of as progress. It wasn't so much that they were against progress as that they were struggling with the unprecedented changes progress brought and the speed with which it brought them. While it was exhilarating to see "all that was solid melt into air" — to use Marshall Berman's evocative description of modernity — it was also frightening. What was the world becoming? What were we becoming?

These worries coalesced into a loose critique of progress that historians have dubbed "anti-modernism." It was characterized by nostalgia, a sense that there was something lacking in the present that could be found in the past. Anti-modernism sparked a growing interest in medieval and Eastern cultures; it lay behind the Arts and Crafts movement. Closer to home, it inspired an interest in Atlantic Canadian folk cultures and pushed millions outdoors to "get away from it all" by cottaging in the Muskokas and Laurentians or, if you really had money, at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea and the Lower St. Lawrence. In the

West, many people took up Teddy Roosevelt's call for the "strenuous life" — hunting, fishing, and hiking in the Rockies. Anti-moderns believed intense experiences could penetrate the artificiality of modern life, leading to a purer, more meaningful, authentic existence.

A century later, we seem to be suffering from another bout of anti-modernist flu, and once again we've turned to an imagined past to cure what ails us. Most of us live urban lives that are astonishingly dependent on miraculous electronic technologies that have shrunk the world far more than those who marvelled at the railway could ever have imagined. And yet, like our forebears, we're ambivalent — not, perhaps, about industrialization but about what globalization has wrought: a world of interconnection and loneliness, of standardization but not safety; one where neither time nor space are barriers. The same society where you can buy mangoes all year round is also one where people find themselves wanting experiences that are bounded and grounded — that are "real."

Urban homesteading is only the latest manifestation of anti-modernism and the search for authenticity, for real connections with the people and things in our lives. Our disenchantment with a globalized world explains why we love knowing where the food we eat comes from, how it's grown, and who grows it; it's partly what's behind the appeal of craft beer and artisanal bread. What we want is what French winemakers have known and marketed so well as terroir, the unique qualities that come from the soil and environment in which things are grown. For something to be "authentic" it has above all to be rooted in place, put there by hand — ones attached to a real person making a real living from the land.

Like cottaging and the wilderness craze, urban homesteading emerged from an important critique of how the world we live in is wanting. And like those earlier instances of anti-modernism, the critique that gave urban homesteading its life has morphed all too easily into elitist consumerism and conservatism. Instead of getting political and challenging the system that created the problems they railed against, people turned inward. They read Helen Creighton's collections of Nova Scotia folktales and heritage seed catalogues. And they went shopping — for hooked rugs, cottages, and, most recently, authentic experiences in the backyard, kitchen, and community garden — the new urban frontiers.

Tina Loo is a professor of history at the University of British Columbia.

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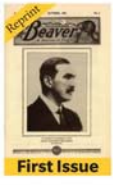

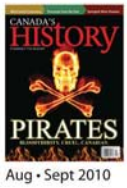

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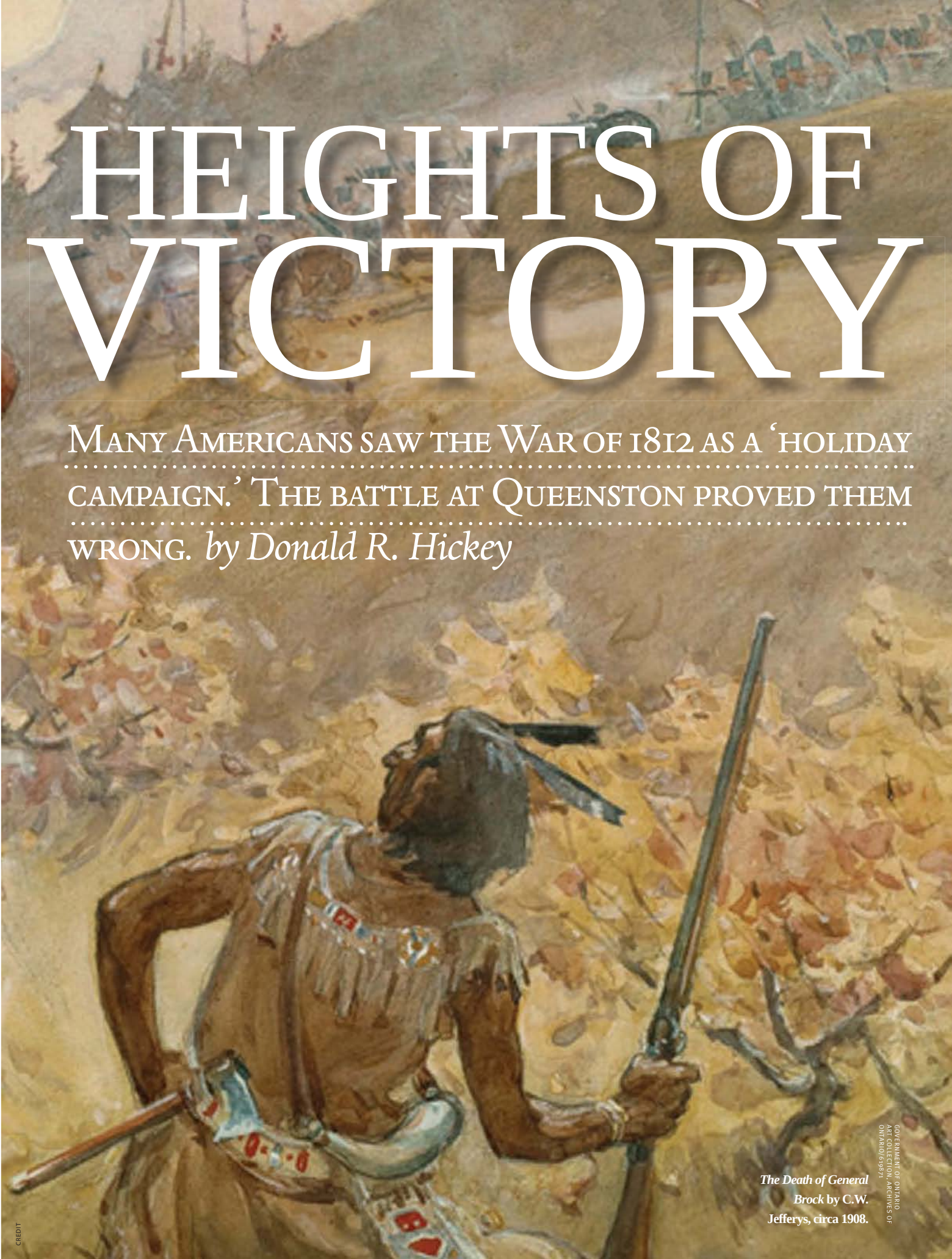
HEIGHTS OF VICTORY

Many Americans saw the War of 1812 as a 'holiday campaign.' The battle at Queenston proved them wrong. *by Donald R. Hickey*



The Death of General Brock by C.W. Jefferys, circa 1908.

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CREDIT

Late in the morning of October 13, 1812, a small American army was firmly established atop an escarpment overlooking the village of Queenston on the Niagara River in Upper Canada. Having driven off a small contingent of British redcoats, taken control of a cannon, and killed the brilliant British commander, General Isaac Brock, the Americans had only to wait for thousands of reinforcements to arrive from across the river, and victory would be theirs. But things were not as they appeared.

The force of mostly inexperienced regulars and undisciplined militia was in fact pinned down by a band of Grand River Iroquois led by John Norton. The terrifying war cries of the Iroquois carried all the way across the river to the American side, striking fear in the hearts of New York militiamen, who at that moment were being entreated by U.S. Major General Stephen Van Rensselaer to cross over and help their comrades. Nobody budged.

The tide turned to favour the defenders. The Battle of Queenston Heights would go down in Canadian history as a key victory in the War of 1812.

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No one on either side of the Niagara River had wanted this war, which was a by-product of a much larger conflict in Europe. The fifty-six-kilometre-long international river boundary had no border stations or checkpoints, nothing to prevent the free flow of people and trade goods. Those living on the border shared a common language and a similar culture, and loyalties were fluid. Hence, people routinely crossed over to do business, to share food or drink, to attend church, or to court their sweethearts and marry. A fight with their neighbours was the last thing on their minds.

But the long-running conflict between Britain and France had drawn in the Americans, who chafed against trade restrictions imposed by Britain and the fact that some American citizens were being taken off ships and forced into the Royal Navy.

Many people south of the border expected what Republican John Randolph, who opposed the war, sarcastically called "a holiday campaign." With "no expense of blood, or treasure, on our part — Canada is to conquer herself — she is to be subdued by the principles of fraternity," Randolph told the U.S. Congress on December 10, 1811.

Some holiday. By the time of the Battle of Queenston Heights, the United States had already suffered a devastating loss in its three-pronged invasion strategy. One army surrendered to Brock's Anglo-Aboriginal force at Detroit on August 16, 1812.

The loss at Queenston followed two months later. In November, another U.S. army retreated only four days after advancing into Canada along the Lake Champlain-Richelieu River corridor. The first year of the war ended with the British having completely routed the American invaders.

When it came to numbers, the Americans had a huge advantage on the Niagara frontier. By October 1812, some 6,400 regulars and militia faced a force of only 2,300 British regulars, militia, and Iroquois allies. But the American command was beset by problems. One big problem was that two generals shared command — and one of those officers completely ignored the other.

General Stephen Van Rensselaer was a forty-seven-year-old Federalist militia officer without military experience who was given the command mainly because of his seniority. For military advice, he relied on his younger kinsman, thirty-eight-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who had fought in the so-called "Indian Wars" of the 1790s.

Brigadier General Alexander Smyth, also forty-seven, was a lawyer and political appointee with no combat experience, but that didn't stop him from refusing to take orders from a militia officer. His own men called Smyth "Van Bladder" because of his pompous proclamations. For instance: "Be strong! Be brave! Let the ruffian power of the British king cease on this continent."

The British force, by contrast, was headed by Brock, who at forty-three was the same age as the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon. An officer of exceptional merit, Brock inspired confidence in all who dealt with him. During the summer of 1812, when it appeared that Upper Canada would fall to the Americans, Brock famously stated: "Most of the people have lost all confidence — I however speak loud and look big."

Brock handled his men and Native allies well; he managed his material resources efficiently; and he understood how to use military intelligence and wage psychological warfare. His only weakness was an inability to see to details. Brock was backed by a cadre of officers who were combat-tested and by men who were inured to military discipline.

Brock also enjoyed crucial assistance from Aboriginal people. They made excellent scouts, trackers, and skirmishers, and their reputation for ferocity could tip the balance on the battlefield by panicking even veteran soldiers. Brock had prevailed in Detroit thanks to help from the great Shawnee leader Tecumseh.

On the Niagara front, Brock enjoyed critical assistance from the Grand River Iroquois led by John Norton. Of Scottish-Cherokee descent, Norton had been raised in England before joining the army and being ordered to Canada in 1784. Norton, who had reportedly mastered four European and a dozen Native languages, remained in Canada after leaving the army and became a protege of the legendary Mohawk leader Joseph Brant.

General Van Rensselaer's plan was to seize Queenston Heights while Smyth attacked Fort George ten kilometres to the north. But Smyth remained uncooperative. He ignored Van Rensselaer's orders and refused to move his force of 1,600 men, who were stationed at Buffalo, New York, about forty kilometres south of Queenston.

Even without Smyth's troops, Van Rensselaer still had a decided advantage over the British, and such was his fear of public criticism if he remained inactive that he decided to attack anyway. The first attempt to capture Queenston Heights took place at night on October 11 but quickly went awry when a boat carrying most of the oars for the other boats disappeared downriver. The Americans were forced to delay the operation, giving the British two more days to prepare for an attack.

At four o'clock in the morning on October 13, braving miserable cold wind and sleet, an advance party of three hundred men — the maximum number that could be carried by the available boats — crossed the fast-flowing water. They were immediately detected and shot at. Solomon Van Rensselaer was wounded four times and knocked out of action. Still, the boats made it to shore, discharged the force of mostly regulars, and returned to the American side to pick up another three hundred men. Unfortunately, the boat carrying their commander, Lieutenant Colonel John Chrystie, lost an oarlock and floated helplessly downriver.

Meanwhile, Brock, who was at Government House in Newark (Niagara-on-the-Lake), ten kilometres away, woke up to the sound of distant cannon fire. He immediately raced to Queenston. Contrary to popular belief, he was probably not on a horse named Alfred; nor did he visit his fiancée on the way, since there is no evidence he was engaged. Once Brock arrived in the village and saw battalions of fighting men on the other shore waiting to cross over, he realized the attack on Queenston was not a feint but the main assault. He sent a message to Major General Roger Sheaffe, ten kilometres away at Fort George, calling for reinforcements.

What Brock did not see from his vantage point was that an American force was stealthily climbing straight up a steep, unguarded path to the top of the heights. Led by Captain John E. Wool, a wounded but eager twenty-three-year-old with no combat experience, the Americans drove off the British defenders and waited for reinforcements. American boats continued ferry-

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Above: Major John Norton, Teyoninhokarawen, Mohawk chief, painted by Mary Ann Knight in 1805.

Opposite page: Major-General Sir Isaac Brock by George Theodore Berthon, 1883.

ing troops across the river until the force was augmented to around a thousand men. With Chrystie still missing, Lieutenant Colonel Winfield Scott, a rising star in the U.S. Army who would go on to earn a reputation for fearlessness on the battlefield, arrived with reinforcements and assumed command. During a lull in the fighting, a number of American soldiers slipped away and looted several homes in Queenston.

Rather than waiting for reinforcements, Brock decided to retake the heights with the small force available. In keeping with his reputation for audacity, Brock insisted on leading his men from the front.

The Roots of War

1689

The beginning of a long period of intermittent warfare between France and Great Britain, often referred to as the Second Hundred Years War. This culminated in the Napoleonic Wars of 1803–1815, of which the War of 1812 was an offshoot.

Sept. 3, 1783

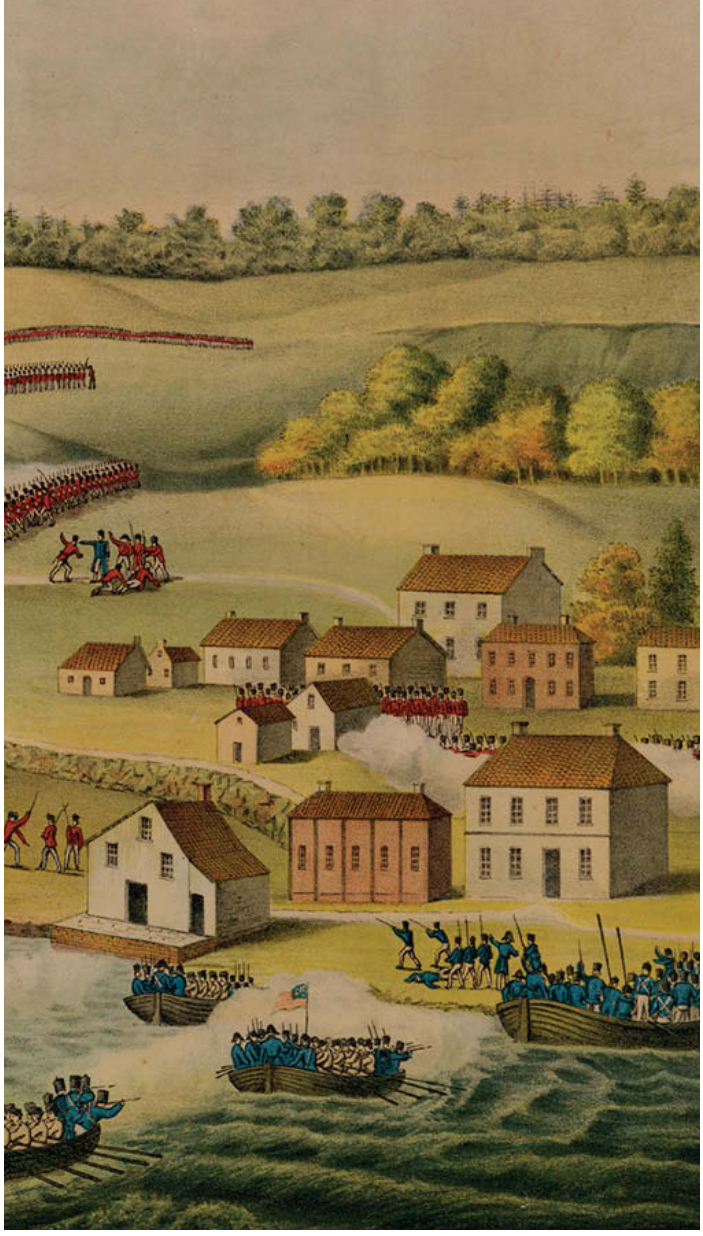
The Treaty of Paris ends the American Revolutionary War and gives the United States territory occupied by Aboriginal nations. However, friction results later when Britain sides with Natives who resist American expansion.

May 18, 1803

Britain declares war on France in the early phase of the Napoleonic Wars. Chronically short of sailors, the Royal Navy aggressively pursues British seamen on American merchant vessels; many U.S citizens are caught in the dragnet.

June 22, 1807

While sailing off the U.S. coast , the commander of the USS *Chesapeake* refuses to allow British officers to board his ship to search for Royal Navy deserters. HMS *Leopard* attacks the *Chesapeake*, angering the American public.



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Left: An 1836 engraving shows American troops crossing the Niagara River to land at Queenston. Based on a sketch by James Dennis, a senior British officer.

A tall, imposing figure, he made a prime target as he advanced up the escarpment toward the American position. A single shot ripped through his chest and he fell.

Various claims were later made about his dying words. Newspapers quoted him as saying "Push on, brave York Volunteers." He may have said this earlier in the battle but not likely after he was shot. A more credible story comes from fifteen-year-old George S. Jarvis, who was a volunteer with the 49th Regiment of Foot. He reportedly asked Brock if he was badly hurt. The general merely "placed his hand on his breast and made no reply, and slowly sunk down," Jarvis said.

Despite the British general's death, the Americans were unable to prepare proper defences on the heights because they lacked entrenching tools. They were also harassed by Norton's Iroquois and by British artillery fire from below. Scott's casualties mounted. He was down to four hundred men and desperately needed reinforcements to hold his position.

Across the river, General Van Rensselaer was busy trying to encourage the militia to cross over. Even though most were Democrats who supported the war, the men refused."To my utter astonishment," Van Rensselaer reported, "I found that at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided.... I rode in all directions — urged men by every consideration to pass over, but in vain."

The militiamen stood on what they claimed was their constitutional right to decline service outside the country, although most likely they would have crossed over had there been no resistance. They were spooked by the gunfire and war whoops they heard on the Canadian side and by the disheartening sight of the dead and wounded who were ferried back across the river.

At the same time, Sheaffe, who had succeeded Brock, rounded up 650 men for a counterattack. The engagement turned into a disorderly melee until the Americans were overwhelmed. The Aboriginals showed no mercy — "A terrible slaughter ensued," said one British officer. Fearing being taken prisoner and tortured, some jumped to their deaths in the gorge below. Others took refuge among the trees along the face of gorge, while still others who made it to the river tried to swim across. Many were picked

Nov. 11, 1807

Britain issues a round of orders-in-council, which limit all trade with Continental Europe. The restrictions are later replaced with new orders-in-council that impose a blockade on French-controlled ports.

1807-1812

Some five hundred American merchant ships are condemned for violating the orders-in-council. During the same period, many American seamen are impressed into British service.

1810

The War Hawks are voted into the U.S. Congress. The vocal group complains of trade restrictions and the impressment of American sailors and accuses Britain of supporting Native attacks on American settlers in the West.

June 18, 1812

The War Hawks convince a majority in Congress to declare war on Britain. Their aim — which many Americans oppose —is to seize Canada and hold it until Britain makes concessions on the maritime issues.

Monumental Hero

"Within days of being fatally shot while boldly leading a charge at the Battle of Queenston Heights, General Isaac Brock was hailed as a hero of epic proportions. "Remember Brock," urged the *York Gazette* three days after Brock fell. When the news reached Britain, the November 27, 1812, edition of the *London Gazette* mourned the loss of a "most able and gallant officer."

The praise heaped on Brock immediately after his death on October 13, 1812, was only the beginning. He was buried four times with great pomp and ceremony. The initial funeral took place at Fort George, Upper Canada (Ontario), three days after he died. American troops across the Niagara River joined the British in saluting Brock with a ceremonial firing of guns.

In 1824, the bodies of Brock and Lieutenant Colonel John Macdonnell, who also was killed in the battle, were reinterred at a government-funded monument erected in Brock's honour at Queenston Heights. The second funeral attracted five thousand people; a three-kilometre-long procession included large numbers of Aboriginal people who held him in high regard.

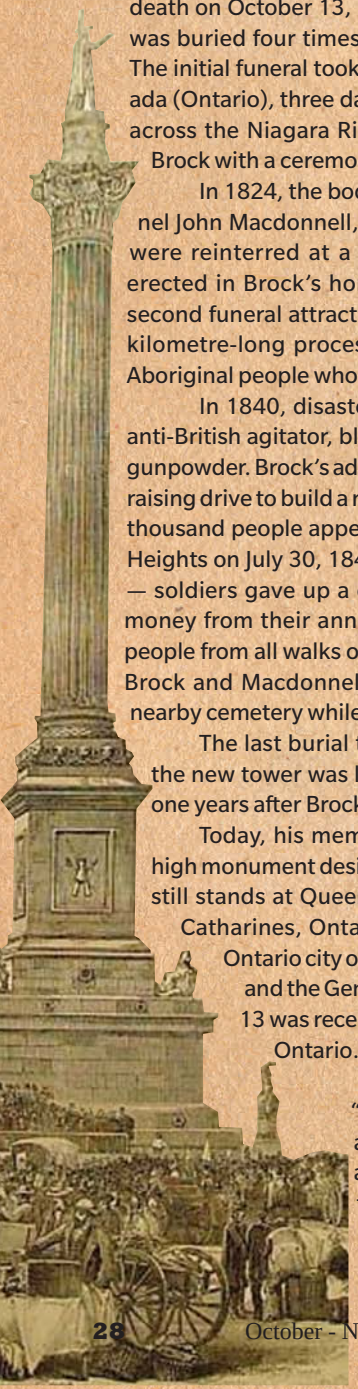
In 1840, disaster struck when Benjamin Lett, an anti-British agitator, blew up part of the monument with gunpowder. Brock's admirers immediately started a fund-raising drive to build a new and grander monument. Eight thousand people appeared at a gathering at Queenston Heights on July 30, 1840. Eventually $50,000 was raised — soldiers gave up a day's pay, Native bands pledged money from their annual land payments, and ordinary people from all walks of life gave generously. Meanwhile, Brock and Macdonnell were temporarily reburied at a nearby cemetery while the new monument was built.

The last burial took place as the cornerstone for the new tower was laid on October 13, 1853 — forty-one years after Brock's death.

Today, his memory lives on: The fifty-six-metre-high monument designed by architect William Thomas still stands at Queenston Heights; a university in St. Catharines, Ontario, is named after him, as is the Ontario city of Brockville, the township of Brock, and the General Brock Parkway. Also, October 13 was recently declared General Brock Day in Ontario.

As historian C.P. Stacey said: "But for the presence in Upper Canada in the summer of 1812 of this able and magnetic general officer the province would certainly have fallen to the United States."

— Nelle Oosterom



off by British and Native sharpshooters.

Scott, waving a white handkerchief, was very nearly killed in the hail of musket fire as he searched for a British officer to accept his surrender. He finally succeeded, and a repeated bugle call ended the battle. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, some twelve hours after the action had begun.

In all, around 250 Americans were killed or wounded and 925 (which included some of the wounded) were captured. The British lost only 125 killed, wounded, or captured, and their Native allies had five killed and an unknown number (including Norton) wounded. The victors gathered up hundreds of muskets and bayonets and thousands of cartridges on the battlefield. They also found a colour standard of a New York militia unit that is now on display at the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, England.

After this disaster, General Van Rensselaer asked to be relieved of his duties. Unaware of Smyth's shortcomings, the War Department gave Smyth the command. Smyth planned to attack Fort Erie at the south end of the Niagara River but wasted his time issuing bombastic proclamations that even the British found laughable. Sounding more like a postman than a soldier, he told his troops: "Neither rain, snow, or frost will prevent the embarkation."

Although a preliminary assault in late November destroyed the outlying British positions at Fort Erie, the primary attack was given up when Smyth's officers voted it down because it was late in the season and most of the Pennsylvania militiamen refused to cross the border. The abandonment of the attack on Fort Erie brought the fighting on the Niagara front to an end. What remained of the U.S. Army limped into winter quarters, while the militia units were sent home.

The Anglo-Aboriginal victory on the Niagara was complete in every way. The one great loss was the death of Brock, which the *Quebec Gazette* called "a public calamity."

The victory brought the British what they most needed to preserve Canada and their maritime rights — time. The defenders — regulars, Aboriginals, and militia alike — had done their part to save Canada when it was most vulnerable.

The following spring the British would be able to send more troops and supplies, and the Royal Navy would seal off ever-larger stretches of the U.S. coast and bring the war home to Americans, especially in the Chesapeake.

American success on the Niagara might not have sealed the fate of Canada, but American failure certainly improved the chances that Canada would remain British and one day become independent. The victory was thus an important milestone on Canada's road to independence.

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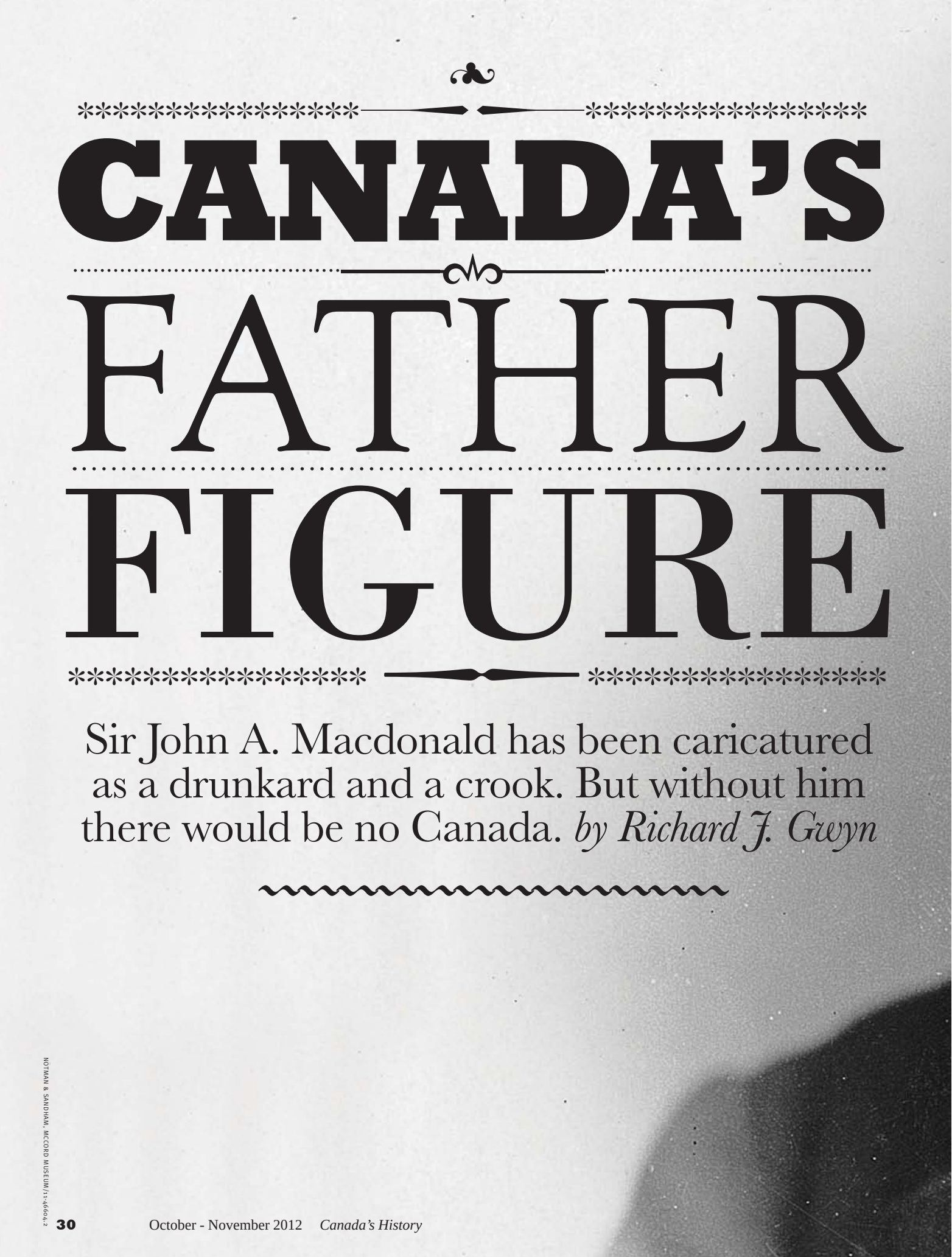
CANADA'S FATHER FIGURE

Sir John A. Macdonald has been caricatured as a drunkard and a crook. But without him there would be no Canada. *by Richard J. Gwyn*



NOTMAN & SANDHAM, MCCORD MUSEUM/I-46604.2

Sir John A. Macdonald, 1877.

John A. Macdonald addresses the Fathers of Confederation in a painting by John David Kelly.

On July 1, 1867, and for quite a time afterwards, it would have been difficult to find anyone among the small number of people reasonably well-informed about Canada — whether in London, or in Washington, or in New York — who believed that the new national entity would long survive. The general presumption was that the so-called "Dominion" would quickly yield to natural logic and elevate itself into an independent nation-state; not long afterwards it would again yield to logic by joining its far larger, richer, more developed, much more dynamic and confident neighbour.

The opinion of *The Times of London* was that Canada lacked "the body, the vital organs, the circulation, and the muscular force to give adequate power to these wide-spread limbs." The view of the *New York Times* was: "When the experiment of the 'Dominion' shall have failed, as fail it must, a process of peaceful absorption will give Canada her proper place in the Great North American Republic." The most telling observation was by Lord Monck, Governor General during the struggle to achieve Confederation. After returning home, the retired Monck told the House of Lords that "it was in the interests of the Mother Country that [Canada] should be taught to look forward to independence."

Canada needed to "be taught" to become independent because the map of Europe was being transformed. Almost out of nowhere, Germany was emerging as a major power:

It had just defeated the Austro-Hungarian Empire and, yet more amazingly, would soon do the same to France. Britain needed henceforth to look to its backyard; the last thing it needed was some kind of second War of 1812 precipitated by some incident along Canada's long, indefensible border.

For the sake of saving face, and for also upholding honour, the British would never push Canada out of the Empire; they would, though, do all they could offstage to

JOHN DAVID KELLY, MCCORD MUSEUM/M993.154.66

encourage it to leave of its own accord, an objective explicitly spelled out by the colonial secretary to one governor general.

Other excellent reasons existed for the doubts that Canada could survive. In the wonderful phrase of American journalist Horace Greeley, it was "an eel-skin of a settled country," absurdly elongated but hopelessly narrow with huge gaps between its scattered settlements.

It could never become a conventional nation-state because it was composed of three nations — English, French, Aboriginal — and none of them trusted or liked each other. All the logic of geography, commerce, finance, transportation, and even demography made it clear that God, or nature, had intended Canada to be a northern extension of the dynamic, energetic nation south of the border.

Two forces caused logic never to be fulfilled. One was the odd, near-inexplicable determination of the great majority of Canadians not to become Americans. In a rare instance of pan-Canadian solidarity, this held true for francophones, anglophones, and Aboriginals.

Why this was the case isn't easy to pin down. One reason is that the myth of the Loyalists mattered a great deal, particularly because in those days loyalty — to spouse, to employer, to family and kin and ethnic and religious group — was near the top of the list of civic virtues.

Other reasons included the thrill of belonging to the greatest empire since that of Rome; widespread admiration for British law, Parliament, and history; and the certitude of being morally superior to the rough-and-tumble Americans.

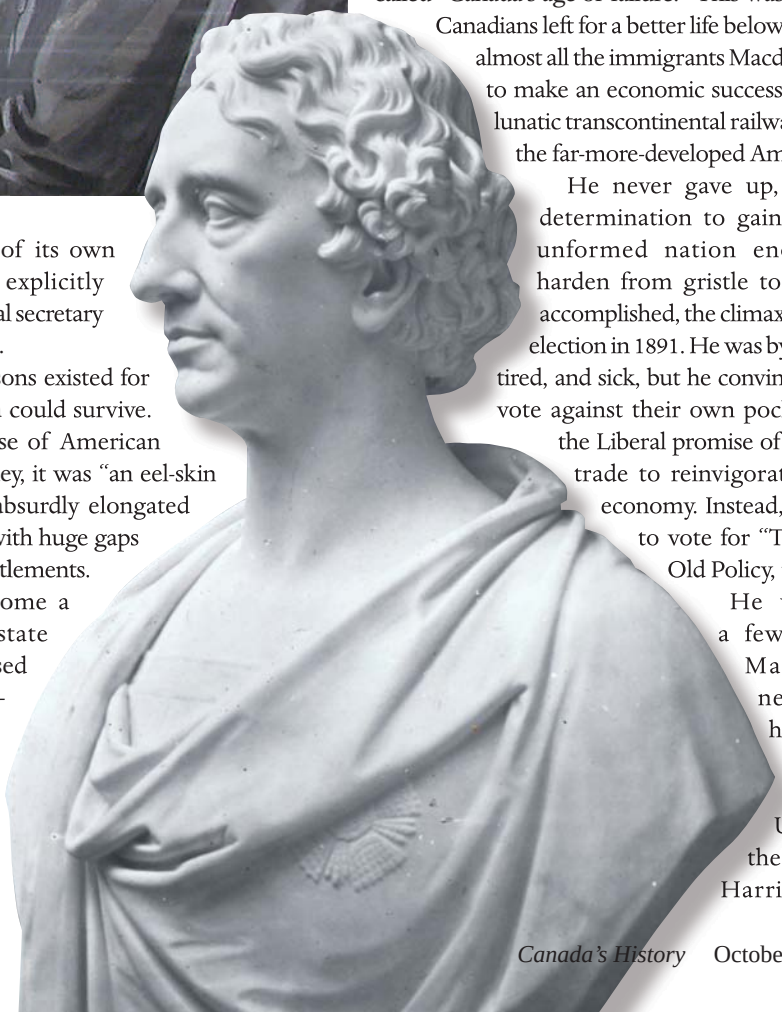
The other determining force was contained within a single person — John A. Macdonald. Almost certainly — conclusively so, in this author's opinion — had there then been no Macdonald there would today be no Canada.

The name "Canada" would linger on, if at all, as a brief Wikipedia note about an improbable northern statelet that quickly yielded to irresistible logic, so making all of North America one, from the Rio Grande to the North Pole.

Macdonald never deviated from the purpose of his public life, which was to make certain that Canada did not become America. His most testing times came during the period from about 1881 on — an era historian J.M.S. Careless has called "Canada's age of failure." This was when one in five Canadians left for a better life below the border, while almost all the immigrants Macdonald counted on to make an economic success of his financially lunatic transcontinental railway went instead to the far-more-developed American West.

He never gave up, sticking to his determination to gain for the fragile, unformed nation enough time "to harden from gristle to bone." This he accomplished, the climax coming in his last election in 1891. He was by then seventy-six, tired, and sick, but he convinced Canadians to vote against their own pockets by rejecting the Liberal promise of cross-border free trade to reinvigorate the depressed economy. Instead, they were asked to vote for "The Old Flag, the Old Policy, the Old Leader."

He won, but died a few months later. Macdonald thus never knew that his last stand was applauded, in private, by the U.S. president of the time, Benjamin Harrison. Harrison,



An 1878 bust of Macdonald potrays him in Roman dress.

ANONYMOUS, MCCORD MUSEUM/MP0000.25.949

who opposed free trade, told his secretary of state that he could not see how free trade by so small a nation with so weak an economy could not but lead it into full economic union and, soon afterwards, into political union with the U.S.

To describe John A. Macdonald as the ablest political leader Canada has ever been lucky enough to have is to do him an injustice. Among all democratic leaders anywhere in the nineteenth century, it is hard to identify any abler

JOHN HENRY WALKER, MCCORD MUSEUM/M930.50.6.5

John A. Macdonald shares a drink with Montreal newspaperman John Dougall in this cartoon by John Henry Walker.

but U.S. President Abraham Lincoln and British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. In a certain sense, he had to be even more guileful and adroit than either of them. They, living in advanced societies, could count on advice from a considerable number of first-rate minds. In the small, poor, provincial colony of Canada of Macdonald's day, few could provide him with the counsel and criticism any leader needs. He wasn't entirely alone: George Munro Grant, Queen's University's first principal, for instance, was one of his advisers. But mostly Macdonald had to make it up himself as he went along — inventing, with no role model to guide him, the practice of picking a Cabinet that was a representative miniature of the nation, regionally, ethnically, and by religious faith.

To confirm Macdonald's exceptional political credentials is easy. British historians regularly describe as the first modern election under the British parliamentary system the Midlothian by-election waged in 1879–80 by William Gladstone, then opposition leader, who went out among the voters for the first time by a whistle-stop train tour and gave them a specific reason to support him in the form again unprecedented, of a platform calling for Britain to adopt a humanitarian foreign policy.

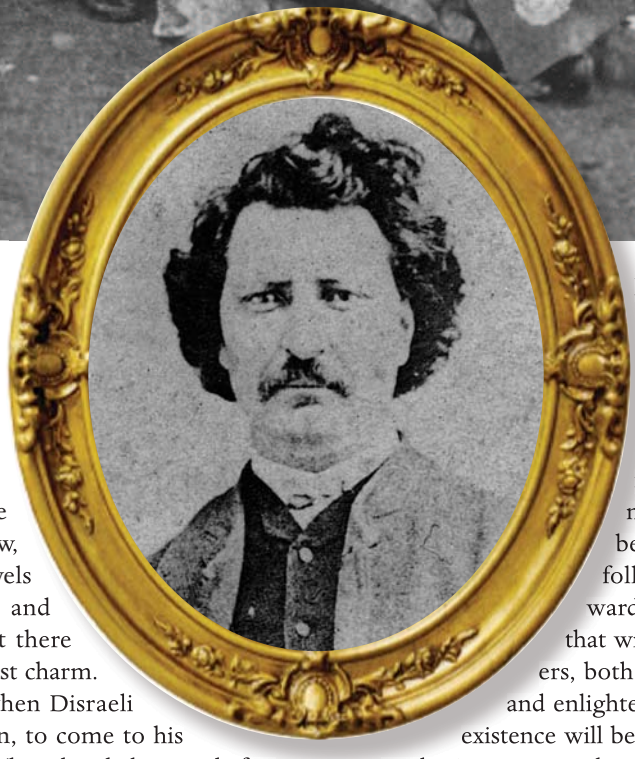
Those British historians got it wrong — not by applauding Gladstone but by overlooking Macdonald. He pioneered modern election campaigning in 1876–78. Then in opposition, he staged political picnics across the country, offering free food, lemonade, and beer to voters of all persuasions. He then got onstage and traded jokes and jabs with the Liberals.

Macdonald took to politics the instant he entered it. He stood out from all the others by wearing notice-me clothes — a bright red cravate and checked trousers, unlike everyone else's uniform grey. He was uncannily modern. At a time of high rhetoric, Macdonald always spoke colloquially; his speeches were short, typically just twenty minutes; he never used a prepared text. He loved being heckled, taking good care to taunt any Liberals present into denouncing him, almost always handily winning the exchanges.

He was genuinely funny, unlike any predecessor or successor (Pierre Trudeau possessed a rapier wit but always with a sharp edge). Once, while campaigning in southern Ontario, he mounted a piece of farm machinery to better project to a gathering of farmers. When someone pointed out he was standing on a manure spreader, Macdonald pondered a moment and retorted, "This is the first time I've stood on the Liberal platform."

When a suffragette demanded to know why he but not she had the vote, he considered the puzzle and replied, "Madame, I cannot conceive." He passed with flying colours the ultimate political test. Of seven elections he won all but one (he lost after the CPR scandal). And, as would be unimaginable today, he won twice when the economy was in state of all-out depression.

But while Macdonald's political skills matched those of any democratic leader of his century, as a statesman he was less accomplished. For instance, he never appealed to people's "better angels," as did Lincoln and Gladstone, if not Disraeli. Macdonald is viewed by many Canadian historians, and by many ordinary Canadians, as an exceptionally clever, very charming politician who possessed little else — no vision, no creativity, and no ideas but the tactical stratagems of a pragmatist and opportunist — as well as being corrupt and cynical, and a drunk. Actually, he gave up drinking in the mid-1870s and wasn't so much a cynic as a realist — most especially so about human nature, as in his observation that no leader



Macdonald created the North-West Mounted Police, shown above, in 1873. In 1885 he sent troops to quell the North-West Rebellion, led by Louis Riel, left.

ANONYMOUS, MCCORD MUSEUM/MP-1977.211

Auderton George, McCord Museum/I-80118.0.1

should "ever count on gratitude from the public."

There was a great deal more to Macdonald than being merely an artful politician. He was highly intelligent and exceptionally well-read, consuming not just the obvious books on politics, law, and biography but also novels and plays, and philosophy and travel. Disraeli spotted that there was far more to him than just charm. They met once, in 1879, when Disraeli invited him, while in Britain, to come to his country house, Hugenden. They dined alone and afterwards talked in the library until the early hours of the next day. Disraeli's later diary comment on Macdonald was, "he is a considerable man." One reason for this assessment was that the subject they discussed at greatest length was "the poets and philosophers of Greece and Rome."

Instances of Macdonald applying his talents to purposes that had nothing to do with winning the next election can be cited at length. Several follow immediately. Afterwards will come an instance that will amaze almost all readers, both because it is so original and enlightened but also because its existence will be utterly unknown to any reader (excepting early readers of the book, *Nation Maker* from which this essay is derived). The reason for this ignorance, one all but incomprehensible, is that this country's historians have been ignorant of this accomplishment.

ALEXANDER ROSS, MCCORD MUSEUM/MP-0000.158.125

Donald Smith drives the last spike at Craigallachie, B.C., in 1885.

A good start to any accounting of Macdonald's accomplishments is his creation of the North-West Mounted Police in 1873, an achievement that vanished from the memory of historians and the general public until revived a century later by a 1972 article in *Canadian Historical Review*. Written by RCMP historian S.W. Horrall, it was titled, "Sir John Macdonald and the Mounted Police Force." Macdonald conceived the project in the summer 1869 as part of his preparations for the impending takeover of the Hudson's Bay Territory. In one speech he proposed that the force be composed "of a comingling of the races," with Métis and Natives as well as English and French. It was an unprecedented attempt at ethnic inclusiveness but was made impossible politically by Louis Riel's resistance to the takeover of the territory. Not until September 1873 did Macdonald bring the enabling legislation into the Commons, getting it passed just four days before the Canadian Pacific scandal removed him from office.

The legislation was Macdonald's personal work. Its most important passage described the NWMP's mandate as "the preservation of peace, the prevention of crime"— that is, not to punish crime but to pre-empt it by giving police officers the mission of getting to know, of befriending, and of earning the trust of both Aboriginals and settlers, treating both impartially, and indeed most often by protecting Native people from the newcomers. The consequence was a Canadian West utterly different from its U.S. equivalent: here, peace, order, and good government; there, vigilante justice and the rule of the gun.

If belatedly, this story is quite well-known — his idea of "comingling the races" excepted. Of Macdonald's well-known National Policy of protective high tariffs, the most interesting aspect is quite unknown. Macdonald enacted this project in 1879. Almost never mentioned is the fact that what he was doing was being done at the same time by the nineteenth century's ablest statesman (if no democrat) — Otto von Bismarck. Macdonald's objective was to move Canada towards true nationhood by giving its citizens reasons to buy and sell from each other. In Germany, Bismarck likewise imposed high tariffs so that Germans might cohere into a single nation rather remaining an assemblage of principalities, statelets, bishoprics, and the rest. The solitary mention of this intriguing cross-Atlantic similarity is contained in a 1976 master's thesis for the University of Windsor by Suzanne Keller.

Macdonald's capacity for imagination and generosity towards French-Canadians is well known. He famously told Conservative MP Brown Chamberlin: "Treat them as a nation and they will behave as a free people usually do — generously. Call them a faction and they become factious." That was in a private letter; in public, he went further still. In the late 1880s, a severe backlash arose against bilingualism in the West. The movement's leader was the able politician Dalton McCarthy. When McCarthy moved a resolution in the Commons to abolish the language guarantees contained in the North-West Territories Act, Macdonald, by then old and tired, intervened to say, "there is no paramount race in this country; we are all British subjects … having equal rights of every kind — of language, or religion, of property and of person." He intervened a second time to remind MPs that in 1793 the first legislators of the new Upper Canada Province, all English, had voted to publish all bills in both languages for the benefit of a few hundred French-Canadians out in the far west near present-day Windsor. Would present-day MPs, he asked, "be less liberal to our French-Canadian fellow subjects than were the few Englishmen, United Empire Loyalists?" In

1929, the great Quebec nationalist Henri Bourassa would cite this speech and go on to praise Macdonald as "the one man who best understood and to a large extent best applied the spirit of Confederation."

And now to one of the great unknowns of our history, the long silence about it being all the more incomprehensible because the evidence confirming it has all along been hiding in plain sight — in the pages of Hansard.

It concerns Macdonald and women. In this instance, Macdonald wasn't being merely ahead of this time: He was being unique. In 1885, Macdonald became the first national leader in the world to attempt to extend the vote to women. (Women did gain the vote in eighteenth-century revolutionary France, but only briefly, and the Isle of Man, if indeed a country, as it claimed, enacted the necessary legislation in 1881.)

Whence Macdonald gained the idea, and why he then attempted to enact it, is impossible to know now. That early, the idea was entirely absent from public discourse in Canada, scarcely existed in Britain, and only flourished on the political margins in the U.S. because of the charisma of Susan B. Anthony. Yet early in 1885 he advanced the policy as part of his attempt to revise the Franchise Act (to revise it radically in his favour by transferring to Ottawa from the provinces the patronage over the selection of returning officers, so fully justifying the opposition's ferocious fight against the legislation).

Macdonald spoke on April 27, 1885. He noted that the definition of "persons" should be broadened to include women, this being a half century before the deed would finally be done by the famous Person's Case of 1929. He then explained why: "Mr. Chairman [the House then being in Committee], with respect to female suffrage, I can only say that I, personally, am strongly convinced, and every year for many years I have been even more convinced, of the justice of giving women otherwise qualified the suffrage [the universal requirement for possessing the right to vote being owning a minimal amount of property]." He continued, "I had hoped that Canada would have the honour of first placing women in the position she is certain, eventually, after centuries of oppression, to obtain … of completely establishing her equality as a human being and as a member of society with man."

In a few sentences Macdonald had said everything that needed to be said: that the deed, "was only a matter of time"; that he hoped Canada could have the "honour" of being the first; and that women had endured "centuries of oppression." He said something else even more extraordinary for the times, or for all the decades ahead, really down to the 1960s and the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. This was that women would inevitably eventually gain not just the vote but "equality as a human being and as a member of society with man." He thus was arguing for comprehensive genuine equality, as no one had then done but John Stuart Mill.

Not long after his intervention, Macdonald withdrew these sections of the bill. His own bleu MPs from Quebec were unanimously opposed, and by one estimate only four Conservatives were ready to support him. But he had used a prime minister's invaluable asset — possession of the best bully pulpit in the country — to point out the future to his people.

This extraordinary exercise in far-sightedness has attracted no interest from historians. Just one attempt to describe it in full exists, a 2009 M.A. thesis about the 1885 Franchise Act for Carleton University by Colin Grittner. Otherwise it has been ignored, by both historians and gender studies experts, or ridiculed, as by the chief electoral officer's 2007 pamphlet, *A History of the Vote in Canada*. The pamphlet says, "the suspicion remains that Macdonald had inserted the clause as a sacrificial lamb, never intending that it survive final reading of the bill."

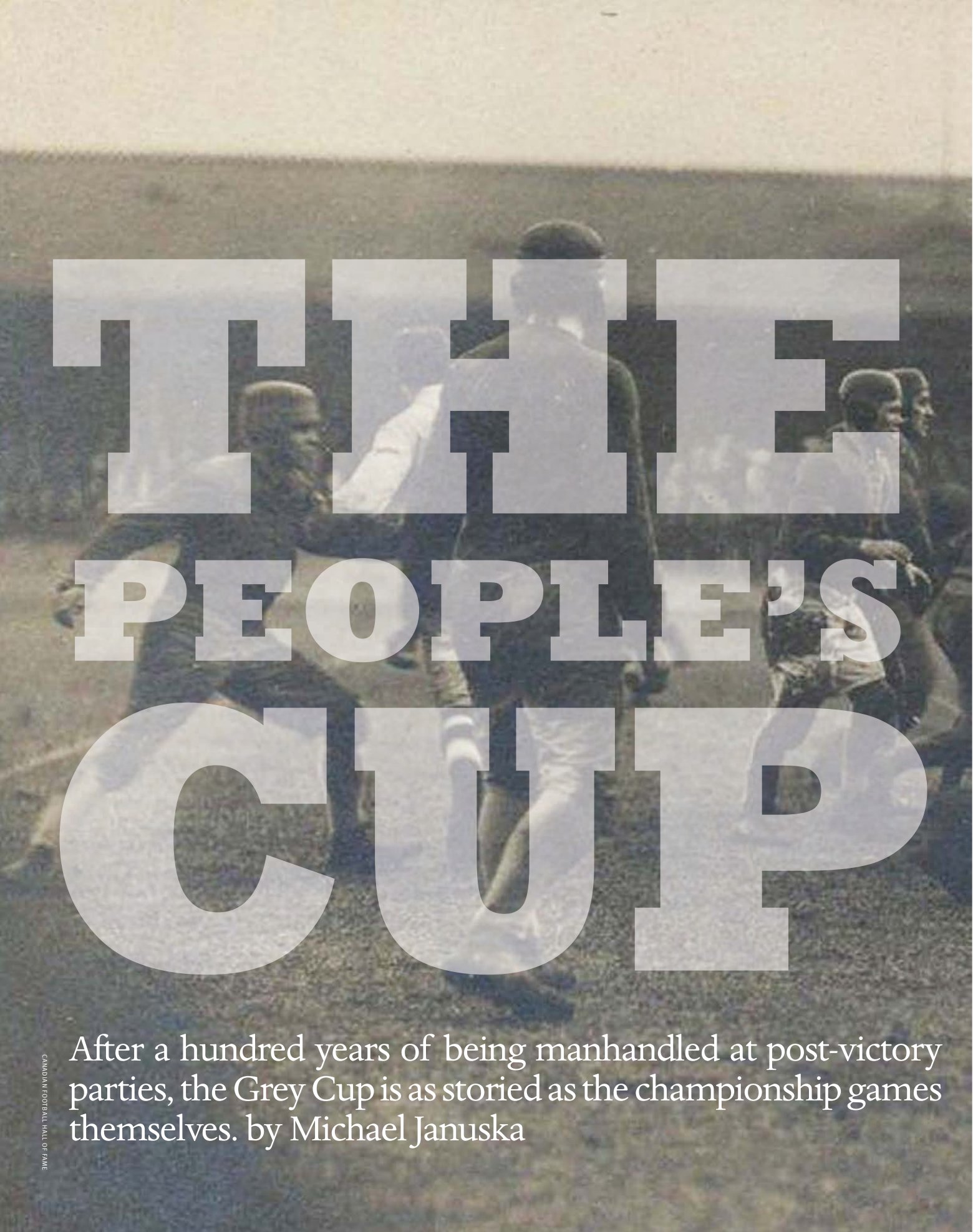
This is bunkum, as Macdonald would have said. Sacrificing lambs is pointless unless they are seen to be valuable. The worth to Macdonald of the gesture was a minus. It's true that Macdonald was interested in attracting their votes — his secretary, Sir Joseph Pope, wrote in his memoirs that Macdonald "believed that women, as a whole, were conservative."

But even if the small number of women who might qualify all cast their ballots for him, Macdonald would have lost the votes of an incomparably larger number of men. Opposition MPs captured the mood of the time when they said the vote would "coarsen women" and that "Canadian women are more proud to be known as good mothers than as voters." Even Macdonald's wife, Lady Agnes, thought women should not "point their dainty fingers into the political pie."

Macdonald was unlike most men of his time, in that he was wholly at ease in the company of women and had no concern about women in public life. In the early 1880s, he broke social rules by attending a few meetings of the Salvation Army in Kingston, Ontario. Women could hold any position in the army, and the Kingston unit was headed by Captain Abigail Thompson. By attending meetings at which Thompson presided, he was doing something astonishing — he was showing his approval of women giving orders to men in public, an act that scandalized public opinion of the day.

Macdonald did not give up on extending the vote to women. In 1890 he asked his ministers for information about women voting in municipal elections — Ontario granted such rights to widows and spinsters in 1884, and other provinces followed. He also inquired whether they could be members of school boards. He had to have been gathering material for a speech. He never gave it because he died the next year after giving his all to prevent Canada negotiating a cross-border free trade pact that he — and the U.S. president — believed had to end in political union.

These, and others, were the acts of "a considerable man." He's worth a long second look.



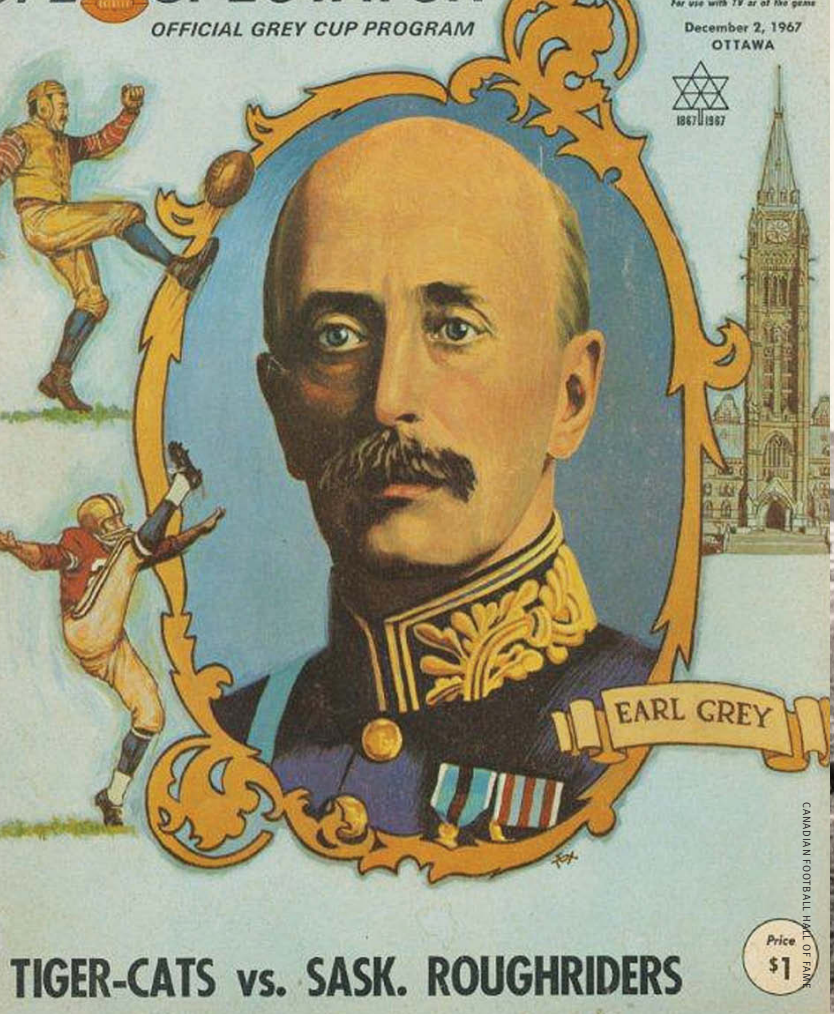
THE PEOPLE'S CUP

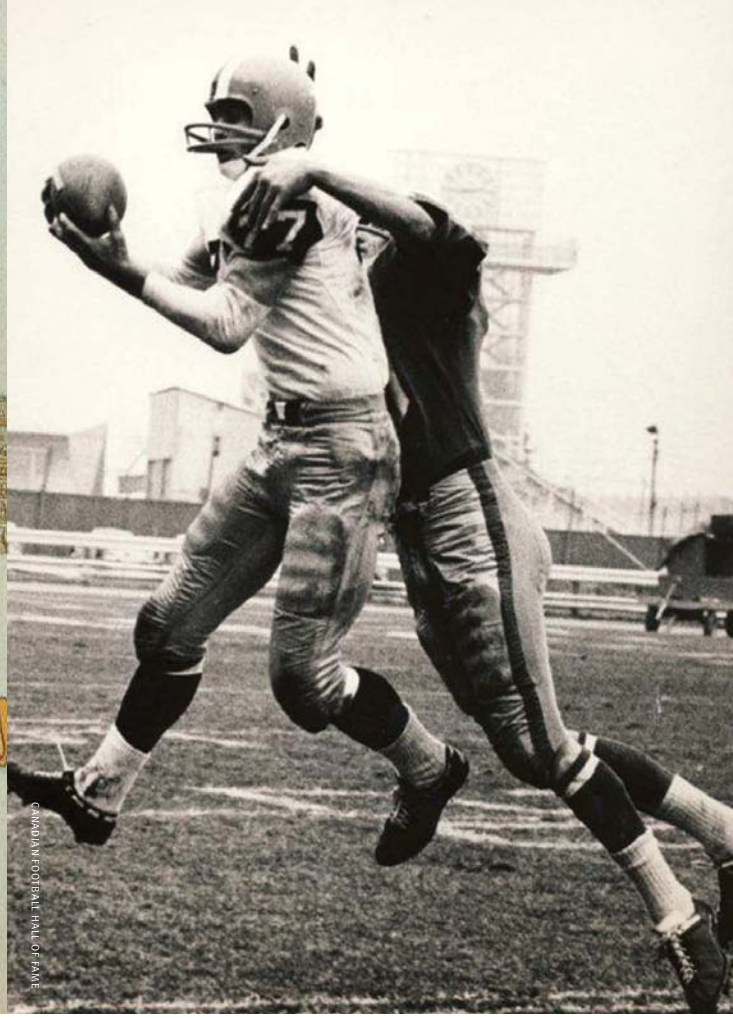
After a hundred years of being manhandled at post-victory parties, the Grey Cup is as storied as the championship games themselves. by Michael Januska

CANADIAN FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME

Foreground: A miniature Grey Cup, 1920. In the league's early years, replica cups were given to each member of a winning team.

Background: The University of Toronto versus Ottawa Rough Riders, 1909 Grey Cup semi-final, Toronto.





Above left: Earl Grey figures prominently in the 1967 Grey Cup game program.

Above right: Hamilton Tiger-Cat Hal Patterson attempts a catch in the 1961 Grey Cup game. The Ticats lost to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers 21–14.

It's been battered, bruised, beaten, burned, broken, stolen, lost, and held for ransom. It's been called a jug-eared mug, a bucket, a national treasure, and a holy grail. Canada's national football trophy — the Grey Cup — certainly has a quirky past.

"It's a history book of blood, sweat, and tears," said two-time Grey Cup champion Jeff Pilon, formerly of the Calgary Stampeders.

Pilon was not making an overstatement.

The trophy sponsored by Albert Henry George, 4th Earl Grey and Governor General of Canada, had a rocky start. For one thing, it was not Earl Grey's first choice to sponsor an award for what was in 1909 called "rugby football." Grey wanted his name on the hockey trophy, but Sir Hugh Allan beat him to it.

So Earl Grey settled for football — and then promptly turned his attention to other matters. When the first Dominion Championship of Canadian Amateur Rugby Football game — a match between the University of Toronto and the Parkdale Canoe Club — was played at Rosedale Field in December of 1909, there was no Governor General's Cup on hand to reward the winning collegians. The U of T men had to wait until the following spring to receive their trophy. The story is that Grey had forgotten to place the order with Birks Jewellers. The players were not entirely unrewarded — each received a miniature silver chalice, cufflinks, and a football-shaped watch fob.

Other bouts of amnesia mark the cup's long history. There was no competition from 1916 to 1918 because of the Great War, and no games were played in 1919 because of a rules dispute. Consequently, the cup was stowed away for safekeeping and forgotten about until the championship tournament appeared set to return in 1920. A search was then organized for the mislaid chalice. It was eventually found, collecting dust in the vault of a Toronto bank, by the brother of a trustee who was probably walking around for a few years with a string tied around his finger.

Winning teams have also had a habit of forgetting the cup. In 1964, the B.C. Lions celebrated wildly after defeating the Hamilton Tiger-Cats. The next morning, while waiting to board their flight home, the Lions realized they had left their prize behind at a Toronto hotel. A team representative was immediately dispatched to retrieve it.

Two decades later, there was a similar incident after the Winnipeg Blue Bombers won the championship. The cup was left behind following a civic celebration at the Winnipeg Arena. Blue Bombers general manager Paul Robson discreetly returned to the emptied facility, grateful to find the trophy still standing untouched on the presentation table at centre ice.

People have also kidnapped the sterling silver cup — which cost forty-eight dollars to make in 1909. In 1969, someone stole the cup from the champion Ottawa Rough Riders and held it for ransom. This was a low blow, from Ottawa quarterback Russ Jackson's point of view.

"It would spoil the Grey Cup competition in a way,"

The Toronto Argonauts celebrate their victory in the 1950 Grey Cup championship. Known today as the Mud Bowl, the game featured the Argos and the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. Toronto won 13–0.

Jackson said at the time. "I guess they'd replace it, but it wouldn't be the same."

The CFL at first didn't take the cup-napping seriously, thinking it was a prank. But when the trophy failed to materialize, the league ordered a replacement. Then, on February 16, 1970, Toronto police received an anonymous call directing them to a note that led them to a locker in the basement of the Royal York Hotel. How the thieves managed to get the cup from Ottawa to Toronto and into the locker without being detected remains a mystery.

The Grey Cup is no stranger to the bar scene. In 1997, Toronto Argonaut kicker Mike Vanderjagt was having his turn with it following his team's win over the Saskatchewan Roughriders. Vanderjagt brought the trophy to a bar in his native Oakville, Ontario. The place was packed with fans and college students. As the story goes, a student was overheard saying that she'd be willing to pay $100 to have the cup in her apartment. She returned home to find it in her kitchen, free of charge: Someone had stolen it from the bar. Police were notified, and the trophy was returned to a much-relieved Vanderjagt.

CFL spokesman Jim Neish said at the time that the close call would not prompt the league to change its policy about allowing players to take the cup to their home communities.

"No, they just need to be cautious," said Neish. "I think it adds to the history of the Grey Cup."

The cup has also had its trial by fire.

In March 1947, a fire gutted the Argonaut Rowing Club in Toronto. Hundreds of trophies, medals, and pennants were lost. Miraculously, legend has it, the Grey Cup was caught on a nail and stayed above the flames. Though severely tarnished, the trophy won by the Argonauts that year remained intact.

Superstitions have developed around the cup. The most popular have to do with players who refuse to touch it prior to the game, making for some awkward public appearances. In fact, some players treat it as if were a bride before a wedding — they won't even look at it. After the big game, though, all inhibitions cease as players get caught up in the heat of the moment.

"I can't even begin to describe what it feels like to finally get a chance to kiss the Grey Cup," Tiger-Cat and native Hamiltonian Mike Morreale said in 1999 after his team won its first championship in over a decade. "That just means the world to me."

Kissing aside, the cup is often treated roughly in post-game celebrations. The Edmonton Eskimos may hold the record for harsh treatment. In 1978, Edmonton quarterback Tom Wilkinson dropped it after being bumped by rowdy spectators storming the field at Toronto's CNE Stadium. Danny Kepley managed to catch it but was also jostled by fans, and this time the trophy hit the turf and broke.

Following their game against the Argonauts in 1987, a joyous Eskimo attempted to use it as a victory throne and dislodged the cup from its base. Then, in 1993, Eskimo offensive lineman Blake Dermott head-butted the cup and sent it to the dressing room in pieces.

Other teams have delivered similar abuses. In 1991, the trophy arrived in Toronto wearing a neck brace made of duct

tape. And in 2006 B.C. Lions offensive guard Kelly Bates was shaking the trophy over his head when it snapped in two. "I thought it would be a lot more solid," said Bates. "It obviously wasn't." It was riveted back together by a welder in Winnipeg prior to its flight to Vancouver.

Somehow the Grey Cup fared better in war-torn Afghanistan. Visits to Kandahar Air Base have been full of special moments with the Canadian troops, who generally approached it with a sense of awe. Captain Kent Judiesch had a chance to touch the venerable trophy in June 2008, but he remained at a respectful distance. "It's holy, I can't get any closer," he told reporters.

The cup has also travelled south. When American expansion teams were included in the CFL for three seasons (1993–1995), the trophy originally intended to reward the best of Canadian football teams went to the Baltimore Stallions of Maryland in 1995.

"We let the country down," a sombre Matt Finlay of the Calgary Stampeders said afterwards. "Everyone wanted to keep the cup in Canada."

The cup in fact returned to Canada the following year. The American expansion experiment ended and the sterling silver chalice was placed in the hands of the championship-winning Toronto Argonauts.

While the true Grey Cup is presented on game day to the victors, certain other occasions have called for a stand-in. Mystery surrounds the replicas that have over the years been commissioned from increasingly hard-to-find craftspeople. Replicas are painstakingly recreated, but no artist can replicate the imprint of time.

Following every championship, the Grey Cup's handlers don their white gloves and the chalice hits the road for the celebration period, spending a day in the hometown of each player on the winning team. And every February the cup returns to its home at the Hall of Fame for scheduled maintenance. Any minor damages incurred on its journeys are repaired, pounded, or buffed out, and the new champions' names are inscribed upon it.

Over the years, the CFL has added new plates around the base of the cup to accommodate the names of winning teams. This year the one hundredth Grey Cup game will be played in Toronto, bringing the championship full circle. After 2012, the current base will be retired and a new one with a new design will be attached to the cup.

Through the donation of a simple silver chalice, Earl Grey unknowingly created a powerful symbol of Canadian unity. As the cup takes its annual victory lap through communities around the country, making appearances at schools, office buildings, farms, black-tie events, and shopping malls, images are captured of awestruck children, lifelong fans and those newly acquainted with this century-old tradition.

Of all its nicknames, perhaps the most appropriate is "the people's cup." When Canadians gaze upon its polished, gleaming surface, they see themselves. In this great survival story, both the Grey Cup and the chapmionship game are a reflection of us and will doubtless continue to be a vibrant part of our culture in the next century.

ROUGH

ANDY FRASER

I was too young to remember Dad playing in the 1939, 1940 or 1941 Grey Cup Games. In fact, my memories of my dad, George Fraser, playing actual games with the Ottawa Rough Riders are fleeting images. After all, how many kids pay much attention to what Dad does at work?

What I do remember are many bits and pieces: like riding steam trains to Hamilton, Toronto, and Montreal; watching the team play cards and sleep; remembering a big lineman left behind on the platform because he lost his ticket and Mum wouldn't give him hers. There were no plane trips in those days and no interlocking games against the West.

I remember Dad limping a lot. Blown knees, sprained ankles, colourful bruises, cracked ribs, and a perpetually broken nose were the trademarks of his job. I grew up thinking Sloan's Liniment was an aftershave. At two hundred pounds, he played both offence and defence as an inside wing — a position now referred to as a guard — and a field goal kicker.

The football equipment of that era was minimal —

RIDER DAD

A son recalls his father's colourful career in the early days of the CFL. by Andy Fraser

tiny composite-fibre pads, heavy football boots, and thinly padded leather helmets. The latter offered little protection against head injuries. Driving home from a game against the Argos one night, Dad pulled over to the side and quietly said: "I don't remember getting here." There were no face masks, either. Thus, sets of false teeth grinned down from the top shelf of players' lockers.

George Fraser played from 1932 through 1945. He coached in 1946, was assistant coach a year later, and then retired in 1948 before becoming a field official.

Born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1911, Dad started out as a soccer player but took up rugby football because his friends played that game. A fast learner, he was soon asked to step up to the Riders. He wasn't even aware that the team was professional when he played his first game in 1932, though he did notice many of the players heading for a back room following the game. He figured they were going for beer. As a twenty-one-year-old teetotalling Presbyterian Scot, he wasn't interested, and in response to being invited to the back room after the following week's game, he replied, "No thanks. I don't drink."

"Drink hell, we're getting paid," his teammate laughed. It was ten dollars for a win, five for a loss. Young George never did get paid for that first game.

Money and jobs were tight then, making second jobs essential. Dad worked at the post office. Other players found employment with police or fire departments. One of my memorable moments was being driven to practice in the sidecar of an Ottawa police motorcycle.

Five-and-a-half-day workweeks were common. To get to a home game on a Saturday, Dad would leave the office at noon, head to the stadium, and change into his uniform.

Born in 1939, I arrived during the middle of Dad's career. My playground was often on the sidelines of the stadium, where I mingled with the greats of the game.

Football players were always hanging around our house. Much of the conversation was about football, and I still remember the names of the newspaper and radio reporters who were always dropping by.

I'll never forget the day team doctor Andy Davies became part of Rough Riders legend. It happened during a Saturday afternoon game in the 1940s. While rushing between the yardsticks to care for an injured Rider, he tripped over a chain and began stumbling forward, vainly trying to right himself. As he hit the ground, his black bag popped open and a bottle of Scotch rolled five yards onto the field — an event that drew the biggest cheer of the day.

Through the years, Dad was a regular all-star, playing in four Grey Cups and winning one (1940). He won the Canadian scoring title on field goals in 1941, set a Grey Cup kicking record that stood until 1977, and was the 1945 Eastern MVP. He was a CFL field official from 1957 to 1962, the only person to play, coach, and officiate at that level.

ANDY FRASER

Left: Twenty-one-year-old George Fraser poses for a photo in 1932.

Above: George Fraser, wearing number 51, and his Ottawa Rough Riders teammates in 1939. The team lost the Grey Cup that year to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, 8–7.

It was an illustrious career. Yet at home there was no trophy room, just a bunch of playbooks, the back of which I used as drawing pads, and some old equipment in the basement. It was only as I grew into my teens that I became aware of who Dad was and what he had accomplished.

Dad never pushed me to follow him in football. I took up running instead. At one stage I formed a track club in Ottawa and Dad threw himself into helping out with as much fervour as he ever did with football.

Dad passed away on December 9, 1992, but he never really left my mind. I've always tried to live by his belief, which was to do whatever you enjoyed doing — and do it to the very best of your ability.

Canadian troops at CFB Trenton, Ontario, depart for peacekeeping service in Congo. The United Nations mission there lasted from 1960 to 1964. The goal was to restore order as Belgium removed its troops from the newly independent nation.

The End of Peacekeeping?

After the AfghanistanWar, Canada is no longer merely a peacekeeping nation. *by J.L. Granatstein*

Paul Martin Sr. worked the telephones feverishly. The Canadian secretary of state for external affairs called London, Washington, Stockholm, Oslo, and Helsinki, while the diplomats in Canada's embassies abroad made calls on foreign ministries. It was March 1964, and Greece and Turkey, both members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, were on the verge of going to war over Cyprus. American President Lyndon Johnson feared for the fate of the alliance, just eighteen months after the Cuban missile crisis had brought the Soviet Union and the West to the precipice of nuclear war. Could Canada help to put peacekeepers on the ground to cool off the situation?

Martin was a veteran of Canadian foreign policy, a politician with long experience of the United Nations, NATO, and the Commonwealth and a wide acquaintance with world leaders. His arm-twisting appeals by telephone produced the desired result, securing commitments of troops. "The result," Martin wrote in his memoirs, "was the establishment of the UN force.... I telephoned a rather surprised U Thant [then UN Secretary-General] to tell him the good news."

Martin hoped to succeed Prime Minister Lester Pearson, who had won the Nobel Peace Prize for his role during the Suez Crisis eight years earlier. He would have been short of imagination if he had not expected that his legerdemain in creating a Cyprus peacekeeping force could propel him up the food chain of national

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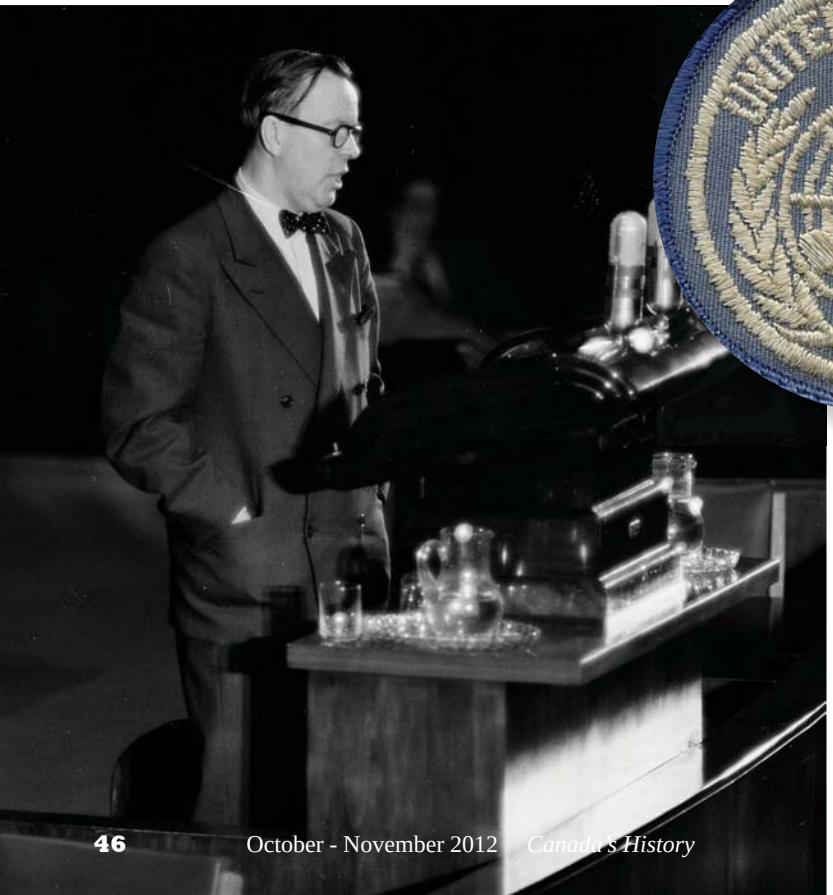
politics. Perhaps he might even get the Nobel Prize that had guaranteed Pearson his place in history and in the Liberal leadership.

Martin didn't get the Nobel Prize, nor did he become prime minister (although his son eventually did), but Canada did get kudos from the Americans. In his memoirs, Pearson wrote that President Johnson was "amazed and filled with admiration ... and I think this may have changed his attitude toward Canada...."

"You'll never know what this may have prevented," the president said, and then he asked the prime minister, "Now what can I do for you?" Although Pearson said he replied, "Nothing at the moment," many have suggested that the Americans' agreement to the Auto Pact in 1965, with its huge and positive implications for Canada's trade balance, may have been Canada's reward for helping to create the United Nations Force in Cyprus.

External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson addresses the UN General Assembly in 1950. In 1956, Pearson's deft handling of the Suez Crisis would result in the creation of peacekeeping — and it won him a Nobel Peace Prize in 1957.



CANADIAN PRESS

Peacekeeping mattered to Canadians. The idea of the United Nations interposing neutral troops or international observers between warring armies appealed to them. And from the Suez Crisis of 1956, which led to Pearson's Nobel Prize, to the present, Canadians have persuaded themselves that keeping the peace is their métier, their special skill.

Canada was a middle power, part of the Western alliance, but it was not as fervent in its anti-communism nor as belligerent as the United States. Nor did it have an imperialist past or colonies abroad. Instead it was a nation that offered foreign aid, worked for compromises at the UN, and generally thought itself a good international citizen. Because it had always fought its wars overseas, it also had air and sea transport, good communications and logistics, and well-trained servicemen.

Thus the UN looked at Canada as a candidate for every peacekeeping mission. Who better to try to keep the peace?

In reality, the Canadian army was initially reluctant to get involved in United Nations missions, seeing them as a distraction from the important tasks of stopping the Soviet Union in central Europe and defending the homeland. Canada was nonetheless persuaded to send a few officers to the United Nations Military Observer Group in India and Pakistan (UNMOGIP) operating in the disputed state of Kashmir in 1949. Then, in 1953, additional officer observers went to the UN Truce Supervisory Organization (UNTSO), one of many

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Members of the United Nations Emergency Force deliver supplies in Egypt following the Suez Crisis of 1956. The UNEF mission there lasted from 1956 to 1967.

efforts to try to prevent war between Israel and its Arab neighbours. These were small missions, with no tasks other than to observe and report.

However, neither UNMOGIP nor UNTSO — nor the many other peacekeeping operations on the Arab-Israeli borders over the next six decades — were particularly successful in preventing attacks. And there were costs: Nine Canadians died when a Syrian missile deliberately shot down a Canadian aircraft on UN duties in 1974. The casualties might have been tolerable if there had been positive steps toward peace in the region, but none of the UN missions helped to force a resolution of the issues under dispute. Without political will on the ground, Canadian troops could not create the conditions to let feuding nations make peace or to improve their peoples' living conditions.

The same things might be said of Canada's first non-UN peacekeeping mission. In 1954, the great powers meeting at Geneva tried to resolve the conflict in Indochina between France and anti-colonialist movements. Three new states were created — Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. Vietnam was divided into a north and a south that were to be reunited after free elections.

Three countries were asked to establish an International Control Commission (ICC) in each nation to supervise the cessation of fighting and to assist the movement of populations. India, as a neutral country, was to be the chair, with Poland representing the communist world and Canada the democracies.

Ottawa was gobsmacked by the request. "We got to know that we were proposed for these commissions in reading the press," said Jules Léger, who had been the undersecretary in external affairs. The commitment was large and demanded bilingual soldiers, who were scarce. Yet Canada felt it had no other choice than to accept.

Ottawa tried to do the job in a fair and balanced way. There was some initial success in Cambodia, a little less in Laos, and almost none in Vietnam. In the latter, the commitment to elections dissolved quickly, and both North Vietnam and South Vietnam imported arms and tried to subvert the other. The United States backed the South while the Soviets and Chinese communists helped the communist North.

The ICC often was paralyzed, with the Poles openly biased to the North, the anti-imperialist Indians favouring the communists (or so Canadians believed), and the Canadian officers trying to be fair. But only for a time. Most became bitterly anti-communist in reaction to the lies and evasions they faced. Many began openly to support the U.S. and the South, especially once the United States began putting troops on the ground in the early 1960s and the Vietnam War became a major conflict. Trying to keep peace in the midst of war was no easy task. The ICC commitment in Vietnam ended in 1975 when the North swallowed the country whole.

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Right: Peacekeepers from the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery in Cyprus. Canada's mission there began in 1964 and lasted twenty-nine years.

It was the Suez Crisis of October–November 1956 that made the Canadian public and politicians fall in love with United Nations peacekeeping. Lester Pearson, then the secretary of state for external affairs, had been as surprised as anyone by the Israeli invasion of Egypt and by the British and French intervention that aimed to topple Egyptian President Gamal-Nasser. American President Dwight Eisenhower, in the final days of his re-election campaign and with Soviet troops crushing a Hungarian uprising, was furious at his allies. NATO seemed in danger of collapse.

Pearson's goal was to stop an anti-imperialist group of UN members from condemning the Anglo-French invaders as aggressors, to get a ceasefire in Egypt that would give the invaders a way out, and to find a way to rebuild bridges between Washington and London and Paris. He offered Canadian troops for a large peacekeeping force that could separate the belligerents and cool the situation.

It was not easy. The Canadian infantry battalion subsequently proposed for the UN Emergency Force (UNEF) was the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, an unfortunate name for a unit that was to be plunked down between Egyptian and British forces. Moreover, the Canadians wore British-style battledress, carried British-pattern weapons, and had the Union Jack in the corner of their flag.

The Egyptians were unhappy, and even more so when they learned that HMCS *Magnificent*, the aircraft carrier tasked with delivering the Canadians' heavy equipment to Egypt, flew the same ensign as the Royal Navy vessels that had supported the British invaders. Good intentions were not enough in peacekeeping, it seemed; history, uniforms, nomenclature, and flags still mattered.

Cairo flatly refused to allow the Canadians in. It took strenuous intervention by Canadian General E.L.M. Burns, who had been designated to lead UNEF, to persuade the Egyptians otherwise. Even then, all Burns could get was Egyptian permission to permit logistics troops — but not Canadian infantry — to join UNEF.

President Nasser ejected UNEF in 1967, days before the Israelis smashed his forces and took the Sinai desert. UNEF II formed soon after the 1973 war, and it lasted until yet another force outside the UN, the Multinational Force and Observers, was created after the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty of 1979.

For the Canadian public, however, none of these problems seemed to matter. They took pride in the fact that Pearson won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957. Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, elected in 1957 after a campaign in which he had attacked the Liberals for abandoning Canada's mother countries during the Suez Crisis, quickly claimed that peacekeeping had been his idea. A national consensus, that peacekeeping was a special Canadian talent, took form.

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When questioned by scholars, foreign observers suggested that peacekeeping brought Canada no special influence at the UN or elsewhere. Nor, they pointed out, had Canadians ever brokered a peace treaty, even where they had deployed peacekeepers. But Canadians almost unanimously disagreed. They believed peacekeeping had great importance.

We weren't Americans, Canadians proclaimed. They fought wars; we made peace. And, always seeking something to differentiate ourselves from our superpower neighbours, Canadians latched on to peacekeeping as the international activity that demonstrated our special qualities of fairness and objectivity.

GARY OMBLER/GETTY IMAGES

Certainly, Diefenbaker's government appeared to believe peacekeeping mattered, and it soon began to practise the art. Troops were dispatched to Lebanon in 1958 and — over the objections of the army, which was desperately short of the 280 French-speaking signallers desired by the UN — to Congo in 1960. The Lebanese mission was small and relatively uneventful, but the Congo operation saw Canadians mistaken for colonialist Belgians and beaten up by unruly Congolese troops.

Not all Canadians suffered, however. One journalist reported that "at Leopoldville nightclubs Canadian soldiers can be seen escorting Congolese damsels and creating interracial harmony." Nonetheless, the

Top right: Canadian peacekeepers evacuate a wounded person during the UN mission in Croatia, which lasted from 1992 to 1995.

Bottom right: The Canadian delegation of the International Supervisory Commission for Cambodia poses for a photo in 1955. The commission sought to maintain peace in Indochina as France relinquished control over its former colony.

CANADIAN PRESS

Soldiers with Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry keep watch for Taliban fighters during a 2002 battle in Afghanistan.

UN peacekeeping role turned into full-scale war before long, with the UN — led by Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, who was killed when his aircraft crashed in Congo in 1961 — clearly taking sides.

One Canadian officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J.A. Berthiaume, actually played a role in the capture of left-leaning Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba by his pro-Western rival General Joseph Mobutu. Lumumba was subsequently murdered.

Once again, peacekeeping turned out be complicated, messy, and dangerous. And the UN — underfunded and stretched thin — proved administratively inadequate in providing for its peacekeepers.

This was the situation when Paul Martin Sr. conjured his peacekeeping force for Cyprus in 1964. The Cyprus peacekeepers faced occasional hardships and tense moments in the first days and, after a coup in the Greek-Cypriot capital, a full-scale Turkish invasion in 1974. The Canadian contingent was under-strength but acquitted itself very well in defending the Nicosia airport against the Turks, suffering heavy casualties in the process.

Peace restored, the Canadians settled back into their routine patrolling, but in all twenty-eight Canadians died on Cyprus, with many more wounded. What was striking, however, was that while the UN force more or less froze the situation, no progress was made toward a settlement. In 1993, after thirty years of peacekeeping on Cyprus, the Conservative government of Brian Mulroney withdrew Canada's troops. The UN mission there continues to this day.

By the 1990s and the Cold War's end, peacekeeping had been entrenched and romanticized in the Canadian mind, a fillip for the country's nationalism. Canada was not only a provider of peacekeepers, it was a peacekeeping nation. A large, handsome peacekeeping monument showing unarmed soldiers and called *Reconciliation* was built in 1992 in a prime Ottawa location across from the National Gallery to memorialize the concept. Many politicians and citizens began to believe that peacekeeping should be the only role for the Canadian Forces. Most assumed peacekeeping was casualty-free; in fact, 116 Canadian servicemen have been killed on UN service.

Moreover, the military had been on short rations since the late 1960s; its equipment was increasingly obsolete.

Canada was unable to provide properly equipped ground forces for the Gulf War of 1992 — though it did provide peacekeepers for the UN force that soon operated on the Iraq-Kuwait border.

Peacekeeping missions proliferated in the 1990s. The United Nations buckled under the strain and began to farm out difficult missions to coalitions or to organizations like NATO. When Canadians went to Somalia in 1992 and to the former Yugoslavia after it splintered, they discovered that peacekeeping had changed into peace enforcement — or what an earlier generation would have called war.

At the Medak Pocket in 1993, Canadian troops faced off against Croatians in the largest battle Canadians had fought since Korea, inflicting casualties but happily suffering none. Canadian soldiers encountered brutal ethnic cleansing there and even more in Rwanda in 1994, frequently coming under fire for their largely futile efforts.

Without the Cold War's clear boundaries and top-down control by the superpowers, ethnic nationalisms were reborn, civil wars spread, and peacekeeping turned into the monitoring of — and sometimes participation in — conflicts, up to and including outright war.

Canada's military, pushed into a traditional blue-beret peacekeeping mindset, was ill-prepared. In the former Yugoslavia, British officers called the Canadian troops — organized into units called Canbat 1 and Canbat 2 (Canadian Battalion) — the Can'tbats.

That slur stung because it was at least partly true. When General Rick Hillier, who had served in the former Yugoslavia, became the chief of the defence staff in 2005, he aimed to restore the martial mindset and capabilities of his soldiers. The Afghanistan War, where Canadians had first served in 2002, provided the opportunity. The governments of Paul Martin, Jr., and Stephen Harper began to supply the equipment and budgets to restore the Canadian army. For a decade, Canadians fought with distinction in Afghanistan, suffering heavy casualties but earning the nation kudos from Washington and from NATO.

But many Canadians worried that the combat role made future peacekeeping impossible. An Ipsos-Reid poll in September 2009 found continued support for the Canadian Forces to act as a peacekeeping-only military. Moreover, surely the Afghanistan conflict demonstrated that force didn't work, an argument made by those Canadians who fervently believed that the operations there were instances of peacekeeping gone wrong. And surely, they said, development assistance was more important than combat, an argument the New Democratic Party, the Bloc Québécois, large elements of the Liberal party, and the peace movement made repeatedly.

Development had never been part of peacekeeping, but could it be successful in a battle zone? The Canadian-run Provincial Reconstruction Team in Kandahar provided aid for five years, but its success was limited — and such achievements as it had in building schools and digging wells came only when ample military force was present to protect aid workers, many of them in uniform.

The locals were grateful for the wells, it seemed, but many remained pro-Taliban or lukewarm supporters of their ineffective government. Certainly, most did not cheer the Canadians who told them they should send their daughters to school.

So if providing aid was difficult, the critics then asked, why not use the Canadian Forces to make peace in nations that were bleeding to death? What about Congo? they asked of a huge nation torn apart by a long, bloody civil war. What about Darfur? where ethnic and religious conflict had led to the deaths of tens of thousands.

Such questions must be answered on different levels. First, a well-trained military force can do every kind of role from benign blue-beret peacekeeping through to all-out war. A peacekeeping-only constabulary can do only peacekeeping and nothing more without extensive training and re-equipment. This is dangerous when no one knows what the future holds.

Who in 2001 could have expected the Canadian Forces to fight in Kandahar? Who in 2011 thought Canada would be at war in Libya? The reality is that Canada needs a military that can do peacekeeping in all its forms and fight. The twenty-first-century Canadian Forces, small but now relatively well-equipped and experienced, can cover the full spectrum of conflict and do it well.

Secondly, the Canadian Forces have only ever operated abroad as part of a coalition. In Afghanistan, there were allies with large bases and the sophisticated infrastructure a Western military needs to be effective. That is not true in countries like Congo or Darfur, which lack adequate transportation networks to allow resupply and evacuation if necessary.

As well, Canada's mostly white troops might face special difficulties from indigenous people in these countries. Moreover, the UN has proven ineffective in running military operations of any kind, something Canadian officers learned in the former Yugoslavia and in Rwanda. In other words, Canada must pick and choose where it can conduct military operations with most effect.

Yes, peacekeeping is still a special Canadian military skill. Our soldiers have done well in difficult situations. But peacekeeping cannot be their only skill. With an army of only twenty thousand, with alliance commitments, and with a concern for the spread of democracy, the Canadian Forces need to be a well-equipped, well-trained military able to handle everything from UN observer missions to outright war.

Dag Hammarskjöld, the UN Secretary-General killed in 1961, said it best: Peacekeeping is "no job for a soldier, but only a soldier can do it." For Canadian consumption, he might have added that peacekeeping can only be done by a well-trained, well-equipped Canadian soldier. That was true in 1960, and it still is.

Avishan

Chilkoot TRIAL

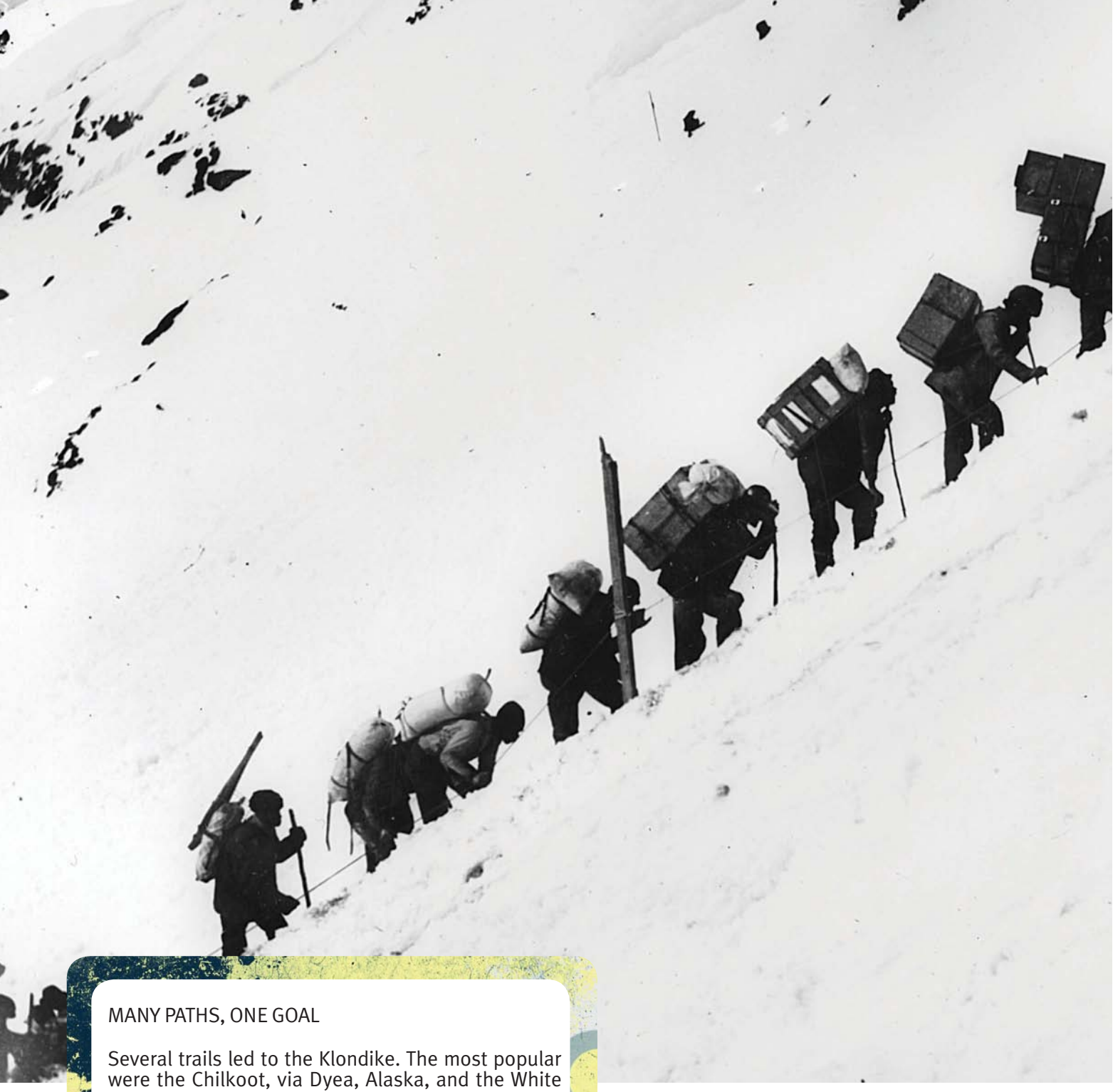
A modern-day writer follows in the footsteps of the nineteenth century fortune seekers who braved danger and hardship to reach the Klondike. *by Maggie Van Emmerik*, with illustration by Dushan Milic

The Chilkoot Trail is a brutal fifty-three-kilometre trek on one of the most storied pathways in Canadian history. Running from Skagway, Alaska, to Bennett, British Columbia, Chilkoot is one of the paths the fortune seekers of 1898 took on their way to the Yukon goldfields.

An old Tlingit trade route through the mountains, the Chilkoot was not the only trail to the Klondike, but it was the quickest. It was also the cheapest — the "poor man's trail" — because miners could transport everything with their own labour. Thus, adventurers from all over the continent dragged a year's worth of provisions over its pathways in hopes of striking it rich.

Opportunists today still do the Chilkoot, though only in the name of recreational conquest — and, in my case, the longing to impress. It seemed like a fabulous idea one New Year's Eve several years ago, when my husband Edward and I were filled with wine and resolve. What I didn't think to ask myself then was why I thought this trip could bridge the gap of understanding that separated me from the two most important men in my life — my husband and my grandfather.

The story of the Chilkoot Pass during the 1898 gold rush was one of my grandfather's favourites. He



MANY PATHS, ONE GOAL

Several trails led to the Klondike. The most popular were the Chilkoot, via Dyea, Alaska, and the White Horse Pass, which began at Skagway, Alaska. There was also an all-water route along the Alaskan coast and up the Yukon River, but it was slow and expensive. An all-Canadian route from Edmonton was long and arduous.

devoured books on Canadian history and told me stories about the settling of our country and the heroism of men who forged over mountains in pursuit of better lives. When he spoke of it, I could all but taste the tenacity of the fortune seekers who dragged their tonnes of provisions up the snow-covered pass.

But Granddad also had a lot of chivalrous ideals that absolved the women in my family from having to conquer much. He was proud of me, not for my adventures but for my ability to bake a blackberry pie that tasted just like Gran's. I dearly wanted to be recognized for something more than just the domesticity that left me bored and tired. I had travelled and seen incredible man-made wonders, but I had yet to accomplish anything that felt extraordinary.

My self-esteem and my marriage were so in need of transformation that I attached myself, like a confidence man with a swindle, to the belief that hiking the Chilkoot could offer me the success I sought. I would follow in the footsteps of the more than twenty

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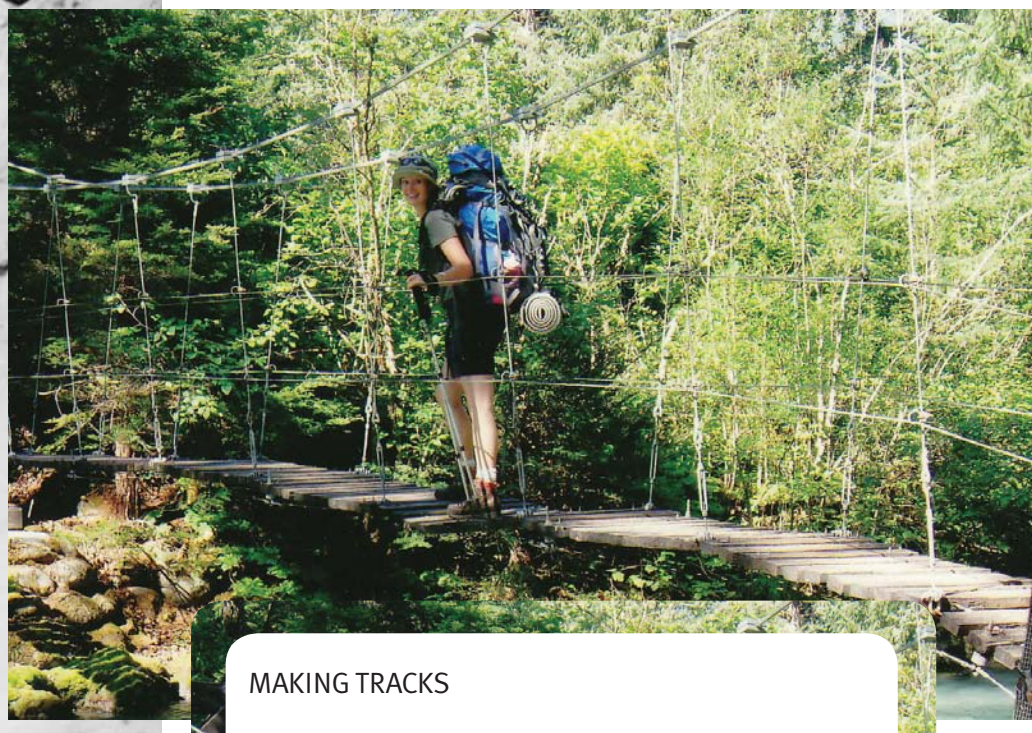

COURTESY MAGGIE VAN EMMERIK

MAKING TRACKS

With the arrival of the White Pass & Yukon Route (WP&YR) railway at Lake Bennett in the summer of 1899, the Chilkoot Trail fell out of use. Rail became a faster and cheaper way of moving goods and people into the interior. The tramways were dismantled.

thousand hungry, freezing stampeders who endeavoured to turn their lives to gold with just the strength of their bodies and their meagre resources. I admired their fortitude and wanted desperately to emulate them.

When I told Granddad of my plan to hike the Chilkoot Trail, he did what he often does to punctuate an important moment — he quoted a poet, in this case Robert Service:

Why join the reckless, roving crew
Of trail and tent?
Why grimly take the roads of rue,
To doom hell-bent?
Columbus, Cook and Cabot knew,
And yet they went.

By this choice of phrase, my grandfather voiced his approval.

In reality I was a cheechako — a greenhorn — when it came to wilderness endurance pursuits. Edward, my husband, enjoyed nothing better than long silent trudges through bear-infested territory. To me, such activities were as appealing as a roller coaster ride through hell. He had the strength of character and intelligence that I was raised to admire, though, and for that I loved him.

But three years of marriage had taught me that the two of us shared zero common ground. Perhaps, if I could learn to love something that he was passionate about, there would still be a future for us. Combining the history that dazzled me with the outdoors that fascinated Edward might give us another chance. And so it was that in August 2005 I found myself at the start of a journey that led me through terrain that ranged from rainforest to alpine, from emotional impasse to understanding, from the present to the past.

The trail began at the ghost town of Dyea. A one-hundred-metre stretch of flat led to the first hardship — Saintly Hill. I pondered the appropriateness of this name until it levelled and brought us along the

Above left: Miners make the back-breaking hike to the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, 1898.

Above right: The author crosses a suspension bridge on the trail, 2005.

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MEN AND MACHINES

In the early days of the gold rush, Tlingit and Tagish packers were hired to carry goods over the Chilkoot. They soon gave way to mechanical methods. A horse-powered windlass pulled sleighs up the steep final ascent to the pass. Later, entrepreneurs formed a network of aerial freight tramways.

Above: Miners climb the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, 1898.

Right: Miners gather on the boundary line, Chilkoot Pass, 1898.

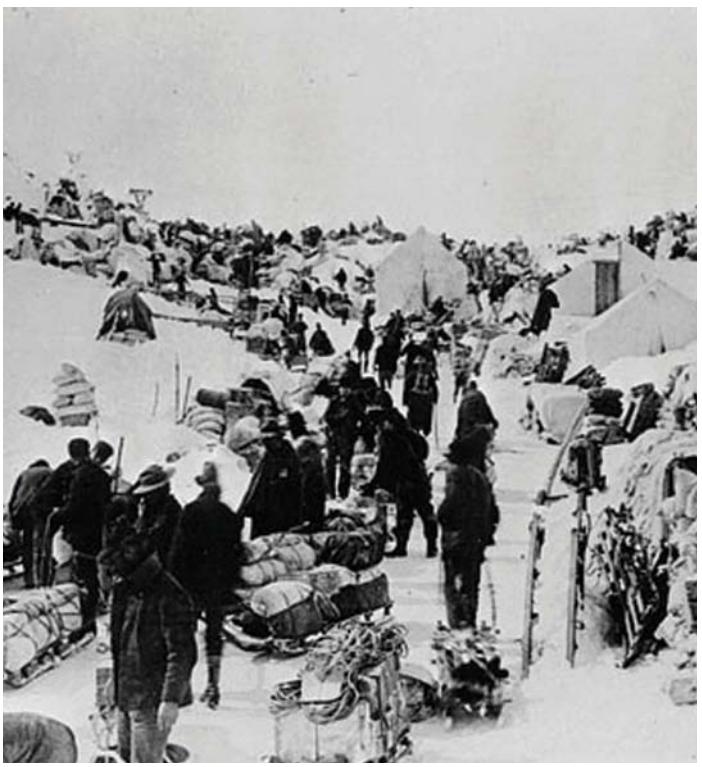
Taiya River. The coastal rainforest was a lush respite from the scorching sun but slow going to be sure; the twelve-kilometre hike to Canyon City took nearly all day. Now a camping spot with malodorous outhouses guarded by innumerable black flies, Canyon City has an illustrious past that can be found less than half a kilometre away. A collection of building foundations and the hull of an enormous boiler used to power a tramway to the summit — for those who could pay to haul their provisions — are reminders of when it was a small boom town.

The evening picnic table conversation reminded me how little I fit in to the mystifying culture of outdoorsmen. I had tried to assimilate into the odd world of bear bells and wilderness appreciation. Six months of after-work and weekend hikes and several shopping excursions to the Mountain Equipment Co-op (where guys who spend too much time in the bush outfitted me with books and gear) were not wasted efforts. I wouldn't have made it past the trailhead in Dyea without them.

However, none of the books I'd read on backcountry survival brought me any assurance. I developed an obsessive fear of bears and I was terrified at having to make my own bathroom facilities in the woods. I was glad for the fall of nighttime. I retreated to our tent and wrote a postcard to my grandfather by lantern light, even though there would be no place to mail it for four more days. With a conviction that I hoped would become real, I wrote: "Darn my pack is heavy, but I am strong. Love, Maggie."

It was immensely gratifying to carry on my back everything needed to survive for five days. I suspect the prospectors of 1898 felt differently. To avoid starvation, each was required to bring a ton of supplies into Canada, a rule enforced by a North-West Mounted Police post at the Alaska-Yukon border. The mandatory supply list included an astounding four hundred pounds (one hundred eighty kilograms) of flour and a hundred and fifty pounds (sixty-eight kilograms) of bacon. These two items alone would necessitate going back and forth several times.

At a cool twenty kilograms, my pack was little to complain about. I opted to carry the food bag while Edward took the tent. Clever, considering that my load lessened by degrees each day while his remained the same; not so clever when I realized that the books I insisted on bringing weighed rather a lot. I couldn't make the trip without my journal, postcards, Pierre Berton's *Klondike*, and the collected works of Robert Service.



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On our second day, I staggered under the weight of these necessities. And I swatted. Mosquitoes feasted on me, even though I was soaked with Deep Woods Off. The bites on my arms and legs clustered in patterns that resembled elevation levels on a topographical map.

The eight-kilometre trek between Canyon City and Sheep Camp was a hilly subalpine section of trail that was said to be among the worst for mud and treachery during the Chilkoot's heyday. However, modern improvements and summer heat made it an easy undulation that allowed me to mentally prepare for the impending pass. The following day would be the hardest push of the hike — a 760-metre climb in elevation over six kilometres of distance to the summit.

I looked to Robert Service that evening hoping to find peace. Instead, his words resounded in my head during a twisty, sleepless night:

Have you ever stood where the silences brood,
And the vast horizons begin,
At the dawn of the day to behold far away
The goal you would strive for and win?
Yet ah! In the night when you gain to the height,
With the vast pool of heaven star spawned,
Afar and agleam, like a valley of dream,
Still mocks you a Land of Beyond.

We ate breakfast and broke camp by four o'clock in the morning on day three. The 5.4-kilometre approach to the Scales — where the Stampeders would reweigh their goods before the final gruelling push to the summit — is appropriately named Long Hill. The area around the Scales was littered with artifacts, including the rusted remnants of wagon hitches, barrel straps, and canisters dumped by the trail-goers of one hundred plus years ago. Many heavy items initially considered necessities were abandoned at this point.

The name Golden Stairs implies a sort of pathway to the divine; I hadn't imagined them as the forty-five-degree, three-hundred-metre rock slide they were in actuality. Still more surprising was that I wasn't daunted by them. An unexpected grace was bestowed upon me that day; the sheer passage over the rocks of the Chilkoot became surmountable. As I listened to an iPod serenade from Sam Roberts, the heat, dust, and exertion became exquisite. It seemed like he sang "Hard Road" especially for me:

Feel, feel it grow,
in your mind, in your mind,
life is how you live it,
through time, through time.

At the top of the pass, I retrieved from my pack a postcard I'd bought back in Skagway. Its picture was the iconic black-and-white image of bent packers struggling in a line up the snow-covered Golden Stairs in 1898. I addressed it to my grandfather and wrote: "This was me ten minutes ago, minus the snow. I made it!"

The land beyond the summit is Canada. The icy blue beauty of Crater and Morrow lakes welcomed us as we made our way through the four and a half kilometres of alpine tundra to Happy Camp — a name at once appropriate and ironic. I felt content to pitch our tiny tent on a hard patch of earth and rest in the knowledge that I had done something big. But I was heavy with the realization that climbing a mountain couldn't fix the divide between me and Edward.

While it was good to be back on Canadian soil, the day after the pass saw me in a beleaguered state of woodland annoyance. My mosquito bites totalled over a hundred in number. Edward, frustrated with my exhaustion, suggested that I "turn around and go

COURTESY MAGGIE VAN EMMERIK

The author pauses while climbing the jagged scree of the Chilkoot Trail.

SETTING BOUNDARIES

Interior Minister Clifford Sifton instructed the North-West Mounted Police to establish a station at the summit of the Chilkoot Pass early in 1898 as a statement of sovereignty. The move helped resolve a boundary conflict between Canada and the United States a few years later.

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AVALANCHE!

On Palm Sunday, April 3, 1898, a number of snowslides took place on the Chilkoot Trail. One avalanche buried dozens of people under nine metres of snow. Some 1,500 volunteers worked four days to free survivors and recover bodies. It's believed about sixty people perished in what was the deadliest event of the Klondike gold rush.

Above: Miners recover bodies following an April 3, 1898, snowslide on the Chilkoot Trail.

the hell home."

I'm quite sure now that the dismissal was meant literally. He wasn't impressed with what I'd accomplished the day before or by what I would accomplish at any point afterwards. We separated shortly after our return home.

As I contemplated my failed marriage, I thought of my journey to this point: Had it all been for nothing?

COURTESY MAGGIE VAN EMMERIK

Right: The author as a young girl, with her grandfather.

Six years after the trek, I visited my grandfather in Langley Memorial Hospital. A stroke he suffered in the week before Christmas left him with paralysis and diminished mental agility. While we sat in the dining room of the hospital's recovery wing, a gentleman at the end of our table talked to himself about some travels he'd taken during an illustrious business career.

"That fellow has travelled a lot," Granddad muttered, casting a forlorn look at his dinner tray.

I asked him, "Granddad, do you remember that I travelled a lot?"

"Oh?" He sounded intrigued.

"I did, you know. I went to Russia and France and…."

"You … you hiked the Chilkoot trail!" he said emphatically.

"You remember that I did the trail?" I was more than a little amazed.

"You were assaulted by mosquitoes and you wrote me a postcard from the top of the pass. How long ago was that?"

"It was six years ago, Granddad."

"I could have sworn it was much longer," he replied.

Both our lives had changed drastically since then. Granddad couldn't read anymore or remember much from the last forty or so years of his life. But he recalled my Chilkoot trip, and I felt just then like I'd found my gold.

Roads less travelled

Adventure and history await those who cross Canada by car. by Deborah Morrison

This past summer my daughter and I drove the Trans-Canada Highway along Lake Superior while travelling from Winnipeg to Ottawa. It brought back memories of my childhood, when our family would annually pack up the station wagon with two large dogs, four kids, and a boat in tow and make this same trek. In the early 1970s the route was well-travelled with families like ours, and for good reason — this 2,200-kilometre stretch offers what could be the most encompassing tour of Canadian history.

Although I tried to avoid the invariable eye rolls of my thirteen-year-old by minimizing any overt talk of history during our travels, it was impossible to overlook the incredible feats of the voyageurs who paddled and portaged throughout this rugged and breathtaking terrain during the fur trade. In addition to the many roadside historic markers, there are sights along the highway that remind you of this region's rich past, such as Fort William Historical Park in Thunder Bay. The "world's largest fur trade post" impressed both the most reluctant teenager and the keenest history buff with an impressive array of interpretive programs that recreate life in the North West Company fort circa 1815.

Further north, in Ontario communities like Marathon, White River, and Wawa, the story of the construction of the CPR and its impact unfolds. William Van Horne, the CPR's president, might have chosen some of these sites because they had been traditional meeting places for Canada's Aboriginal communities dating back as early as 500 BC. Perhaps because they had previously been northern posts for coureurs de bois operating out of Fort Kaministiquia. With the establishment of the railway, many of these communities became commercial centers for pulp and paper mills and mining operations. Visits to their local museums provide a closer look at this era of industrial development in the region and remind us of the difficult challenges communities face when operations wind down and move on. There are two excellent mining tours worth taking: the Amethyst Mine Panorama outside of Thunder Bay, which is self-guided and provides opportunities to dig up your own amethysts, and Science North's Dynamic Earth in Sudbury, which transports you several stories underground for a guided tour of the history of mining from the early 1900s to the present day.

Other points of interest include the Terry Fox Memorial Park East of Thunder Bay, where Fox ended his Marathon of Hope in 1981, and the Winnie-the-Pooh Museum at White River, where Lieutenant Harry Colebourn first purchased the bear that inspired author A.A. Milne.

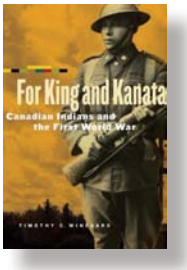
However, it was the community of Schreiber that offered me a history I didn't know. The roadside sign boasted that it was the home of Canadian Olympic boxer Domenic Filane (who fought in the 1992 and 1996 Summer Games). Evidence of Filane family success, led by showman Cosimo Filane, is everywhere. It turns out that nearly half of the town is descended from the same Calabrian family that immigrated to Canada during the period of railway construction.

Schrieber, like many towns along the route, is also breathtakingly beautiful for its Lake Superior shoreline. Indeed, it is our natural history that was the real star of this journey. Closer to Sault Ste. Marie, the Trans-Canada took us through several provincial parks that offer both overnight camping and daytime rest stops. We chose Katherine's Cove as the place to dip our toes in the great lake and marvelled at the landscape that perhaps A.J. Casson or Lawren Harris might have painted nearly one hundred years ago.

Unfortunately, fewer Canadians are travelling by car these days. They are missing out on unique experiences that give texture and context to our history. Through our regular Getaway column and the travel tours we offer, Canada's History has always encouraged readers to take the roads less travelled. Beginning in 2013, we're introducing Destinations, a new travel channel on our website, to advance the campaign. The site will aggregate and annotate information about thousands of Canada's historic points of interest and allow users to create their own trip plans.

Over time, we hope it will become the best reference available for Canadian historical tourism and a useful tool to get more Canadians back on the road.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History.



FIRST PATRIOTS

For King and Kanata:
Canadian Indians and the First World War
by Timothy C. Winegard
University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 2011
246 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

The widespread popularity of Joseph Boyden's novel *Three Day Road*, with its two protagonist Cree snipers, fed the already long-established view of Canada's First Peoples as skilled snipers and scouts in the Great War. Most history books, school texts, and documentaries focus exclusively on how these pre-war hunters and trappers transferred their skills to the battlefield, becoming fierce warriors.

But there is more to the story, and historian Timothy C. Winegard, a veteran of the Canadian Forces and author of a book on the Oka crisis, provides a more nuanced view. Like the 620,000 other Canadians who enlisted, First Peoples served at the front and behind the lines, while those who remained at home were deeply affected.

Winegard's *For King and Kanata* had its origins as a Ph.D. dissertation. It reflects thorough research into Canadian and imperial archives, while at the same time retaining two clunky chapters that stumble through some academic and conceptual theory as well as an unnecessary backstory of First Peoples in Canada. The author is also at pains to inform the reader as to why he uses the contemporary historical term "Indians." But after a potted start, the narrative and analysis are far stronger.

At the core of the book is the question of why First Peoples would fight in a war overseas when they were so poorly treated at home, without full democratic rights, marginalized on reserves, and victimized as wards of the state. While there are some powerful testimonials of First Peoples who refused to take up arms, Winegard highlights the long history of First Peoples warriors supporting the Crown in war stretching back to the eighteenth century. Many sought recognition and rights through their service and sacrifice.

At the front, First Peoples soldiers distinguished themselves in battle. Francis Pegahmagabow is one of the most recognized, receiving the Military Medal plus two bars for his bravery in battle and feared for his skill as a sniper — although he never attained the undocumented number of 378 kills that Winegard seems first to accept and then, later in the text, to question.

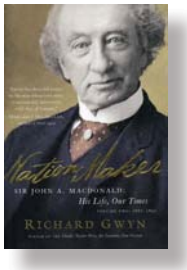
Winegard is on far stronger ground when exploring the multiple roles of these Canadian soldiers, which reach far beyond that of the "noble savage." The author highlights First Peoples ranging from those who served in menial jobs behind the lines to those who flew in the British flying services, and he uncovers seventeen who were commissioned as officers. His reconstruction of the German views of indigenous peoples adds new levels of understanding to the widely held perception that Canadians, both white and native, had martial blood that made them uniquely good soldiers.

Turning his gaze to the home front, Winegard offers a powerful new story that draws out how desperately poor bands gathered precious funds for the war effort, even when they lived in terrible poverty. Despite facing prejudice from white Canada, First Peoples across the Dominion continued to engage in patriotic initiatives, purchase war bonds, and send care packages and knitting overseas to soldiers. Even as the Canadian government played up First Peoples' contributions, it continued to appropriate Native land.

Winegard traces the First Peoples veterans' return to their bands and the harsh reality of having sacrificed for a country that still viewed them as an unwanted people. Many of the veterans fought to change repressive laws in a postwar Canada. Their actions met little success, another disillusioning legacy of the Great War.

For King and Kanata is the new standard history by which to understand Canada's First Peoples and the Great War. Through this book, Winegard has become an important new historian in the ranks of Great War and First Peoples scholars.

Reviewed by **Tim Cook**, the author of six books, including *Warlords: Borden, Mackenzie King and Canada's World Wars* (Allen Lane, 2012).



PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE

Nation Maker: Sir John A. Macdonald:
His Life, Our Times Volume Two: 1867–1891
by Richard Gwyn
Random House, Toronto, 2011
684 pp., illus., $37 hardcover

In 2007, Richard Gwyn's *John A: The Man Who Made Us* introduced his extraordinary biography of Canada's first prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald. In that first volume, Gwyn gave a lot of time and pages to providing a personal profile of Macdonald: the devoted and heartbroken husband; the hopeless manager of his personal finances; the passionate believer in Canada as a British country; and, of course, the brilliant political strategist that led the colonies into Confederation. Gwyn's masterful writing wove a story of an infinitely likeable Sir John A. and left us cheering for him as he navigated the rocky road to political success.

Nation Maker continues the story with an equally compelling account of Canada's first twenty-four years. And an eventful period it was. *Nation Maker* covers the construction of the CPR; the creation of the provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia; the two Louis Riel-led rebellions; the killing of Thomas D'Arcy McGee; the establishment of the RCMP; and the laying of the foundations for French language minority rights

and Aboriginal rights in this country.

For the most recent generation of readers, who have grown up with a history of post-Confederation Canada taught in often disconnected "units" rather than as a narrative chronology, Gwyn's account provides an infinitely readable story with valuable context and rich insights into the many legendary persons who were an integral part of Sir John A.'s story — such as Riel, William McDougall, Charles Tupper, Donald Smith, Edward Blake, Hugh Allan, George-Étienne Cartier, Crowfoot, Poundmaker, and Big Bear.

Gwyn's main argument is that Macdonald was even more progressive about political inclusion than the prevailing historic record suggests. He contends that Macdonald's knowledge of and sensitivity toward the situation of Métis and Aboriginal populations, particularly with the disappearance of the buffalo on the prairies, were much greater than conventionally thought and that the mistakes made in dealing with the Riel Rebellion were driven more by political pressures than any real prejudice.

In the book's opening pages, Gwyn argues that Macdonald's generous policy toward French Canadians "would not be equalled by any English-Canadian public figure for a century." This contention is well-supported elsewhere in the book, where Gwyn chronicles Macdonald's defence of the equality of Canada's founding nations and of the importance of retaining minority language rights.

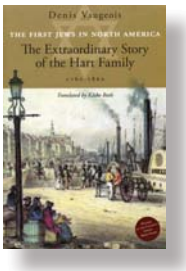
Gwyn also makes the case that history has overlooked one of Macdonald's most progressive efforts — albeit not a whole-hearted one: to provide the franchise to women with the introduction of the Franchise Bill of 1885.

Nevertheless, Gwyn's own research and detailed accounts give enough evidence to refute some of these claims: such as the deceitful way Macdonald dealt with the question of a pardon for Riel, his unwillingness to act on the growing distress of Cree populations unable to continue living their traditional way of life, and his suspiciously strategic use of votes for women as a distraction from other contentious parts of the franchise legislation.

Although I do not buy in one hundred per cent to Gwyn's view of Macdonald as a thoroughly progressive Canadian prime minister, I do agree that Gwyn has succeeded in making Macdonald and his policies relevant for the twenty-first century. And that is a very good thing. By examining Macdonald's personal views and government policies through the lens of some of our most enduring challenges as a nation, Gwyn draws a line between past and present. He reminds us that nation building and public policy-making have implications for generations, a lesson we could all heed as our own attitudes and expectations of government and political leadership become ever more focused on immediate and short-term results.

For those with only a limited knowledge of Canadian history, this is an excellent book with which to begin your exploration of it. But Gwyn also delivers much for those looking to add depth to the stories they already know: *Nation Maker* is filled with fascinating details of less-covered events during this period, such as the first Newfoundland referendum to join Confederation in 1869 and Macdonald's key speech to the Washington Conference of 1871, which staked Canada's place as a nation independent from Britain and the United States.

Reviewed by **Deborah Morrison**, the Publisher, President, and CEO of Canada's History.



BEYOND PREJUDICE

The First Jews in North America: The Extraordinary Story of the Hart Family, 1760–1860
by Denis Vaugeois
Baraka Books, Montreal, 2012
368 pp., illus., $34.95 paperback

Aaron Hart — the "father of Canadian Jewry" — is not a widely recognized name, even to members of the Jewish community. While Jews have contributed significantly to Quebec's modern history, they were only minor players in the more distant past. During French colonial times, Jews (and Protestants) were actually banned from living in New France.

Jews only began to arrive after Britain's victory in the Seven Years War. The decision by France to abandon its old colony meant that British laws and practices could apply to the new Province of Quebec. Traders and merchants from Britain and her American colonies, mainly Protestants but also several Jews, quickly rose to importance.

Events from these early times have been described by writers such as Benjamin Sack, Irving Abella, Raymond Douville, and, more recently, Gerald Tulchinsky. But the most prolific author on Quebec's Jews has been Denis Vaugeois, a respected public historian and political activist.

Vaugeois's work has stressed the connections between Quebecers and other North Americans. He has also underlined the historical importance of local community identity, such as in Trois-Rivières, which was for many years Quebec's third-most-important city. This was the place where Aaron Hart chose to settle.

Hart came to Trois-Rivières in 1761 after serving as a supplies commissary for British troops. He developed businesses based on fur trading, transportation, retail commerce, and land holdings. His family of eight children inherited his wealth, with later losses and gains. One son, Ezekiel, was elected in 1807 and 1808 to the Lower Canada legislative assembly, but he was prevented from taking his seat through a combination of anti-Jewish rules and French-English rivalries.

In 1832, Lower Canada became the first jurisdiction in the British Empire to adopt a law permitting Jews to sit in the legislature (nearly thirty years before Britain itself adopted such a rule). Members of the Hart family were instrumental in obtaining this liberal reform.

The descendants of Aaron Hart spread out in many directions. Some emigrated to

the United States. Several became pillars of Montreal's Jewish community and the legal profession. Many assimilated through marriages, leaving Judaism entirely. And one, David Alexander Hart, donated the Hart Trophy in 1924 to recognize the National Hockey League's most valuable player.

For over fifty years, Denis Vaugeois has dug into extensive Hart records held in Trois-Rivières and elsewhere. He contributed four entries on the family to the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* and has written a general history of Jews in Quebec. This latest book draws on his lifetime's work and is written in a highly personal style. Each chapter offers masses of detail with lavish illustrations. Photos from the McCord Museum and other collections add social texture to archival records.

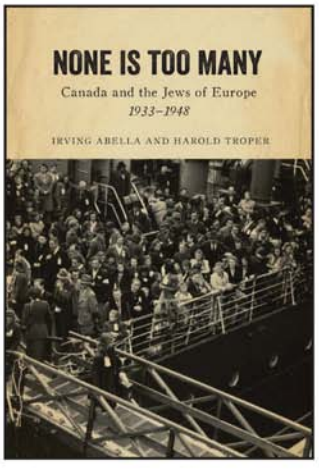
We can feel Vaugeois's pleasure as he links history to private memoir, with some sections presented as autobiography. It is charming, but Vaugeois is also politically motivated. A former Parti Québécois minister of culture in René Lévesque's Cabinet, he remains a strong proponent of Quebec independence. His book aims to support that political cause.

Towards its conclusion, his book turns into a manifesto. "The Canadiens," he says, "had no prejudices against Jews." Anti-Semitic ideas were imported from America and Britain, but in old Quebec "all doors were open to Jews, including those of the Catholic Church…." Jumping forward in time, Vaugeois criticizes "the intellectual Pierre Elliott Trudeau" for "ignorance or bad faith," because Trudeau had argued that the Church stifled Quebec's democratic spirit.

So, is this book a study of the Hart family or a vehicle for a nationalist mythology? Vaugeois celebrates both the family's achievements and the assimilation of many members into the Catholic and Anglican majority. "French Canada has always been a melting pot since Champlain arrived," he concludes. It is an image of "Quebec as a wonderful land of welcome" that Vaugeois hopes readers (and voters) will embrace.

Reviewed by **Victor Rabinovitch**, the former president of the Canadian Museum of Civilization and an adjunct professor at the Queen's University School of Policy Studies.

NEW FROM UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS



NONE IS TOO MANY
Canada and the Jews of Europe, 1933–1948
by Irving Abella and Harold Troper

Now back in print, this award-winning book details Canada's refusal to offer aid, let alone sanctuary, to Jews fleeing Nazi persecution. *None Is Too Many* tells a harrowing and unforgettable story that was largely unknown before the book's publication.

'A brilliant work of history.'
Leonard Dinnerstein, *American Jewish History*
9781442614079 | $29.95

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SERVICE
Political Policing in Canada from the Fenians to Fortress America
Reg Whitaker, Gregory S. Kealey, and Andrew Parnaby

SECRET SERVICE
Political Policing in Canada, from the Fenians to Fortress America
by Reg Whitaker, Gregory S. Kealey, and Andrew Parnaby

This comprehensive history of political policing in Canada reveals the extent, focus, and politics of government-sponsored surveillance and intelligence-gathering operations.

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The Chuck Davis History of Metropolitan Vancouver
by Chuck Davis
Harbour Publishing, Vancouver, 2011
592 pp., illus., $49.95 hardcover

Some books demand two reviews — one for a general audience, and one for those with a vested interest in the topic. So here goes: *The Chuck Davis*

History of Metropolitan Vancouver is a neat and breezy walk through Vancouver's past for Canadians, and it's a must-have for Vancouverites interested in the full story of how their city evolved from a shantytown to a shining city by the sea.

What makes the book unique is its own backstory. Chuck Davis, a legendary Vancouver folk historian, died before he could complete the book, so the city's history community took up the project and completed it in his memory.

Chock full of facts about Vancouver, this book provides plenty of ammunition for small talk the next time you're at a gallery opening in the coastal city. My only peeve? The lack of colour illustrations.

— **Mark Reid**

Two Billion Trees and Counting: The Legacy of Edmund Zavitz
by John Bacher
Dundurn, Toronto, 2011
280 pp., illus., $26.99 p**aperback**

Edmund Zavitz is hardly a household name, but John Bacher's book *Two Billion Trees and Counting: The Legacy of Edmund Zavitz* makes a strong case that it should be.

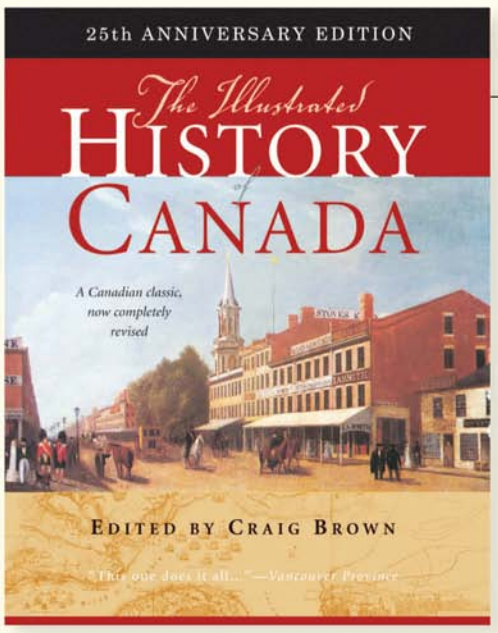
Zavitz was an earnest, industrious Ontarian whose passion for trees shaped his entire life. Born in 1875 into a family of encouraging nature lovers, Zavitz would also receive support as an adult from his father-in-law, John Dryden, the provincial minister of agriculture from 1899 to 1905.

While classmates at McMaster University dismissed Zavitz as an odd fellow whose "sole interest was in trees," they later observed that, as a result of his work, "the province of Ontario is again being covered with forests, and we brag about having been to school with him."

And with good reason, Bacher argues. In 1912, Zavitz became the first provincial forester when he took a position at the Ontario Ministry of Lands, Forests and Mines. Zavitz was known as the "father of reforestation" for his efforts in saving Ontario forests from floods, erosion, and fires. He is credited with the establishment of the Forest Fires Prevention Act as well as St. Williams Station, Ontario's first tree nursery.

Bacher provides a detailed look at a man whose lifelong efforts helped change the landscape of modern Ontario. *Two Billion Trees and Counting* is a reverential story of someone who was a family man, sportsman, photographer, and, above all, a naturalist.

— **Laina Hughes**



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I Just Ran: Percy Williams, World's Fastest Human
by Samuel Hawley
Ronsdale Press, Vancouver, 2011
338 pp., illus., $23.95 paperback

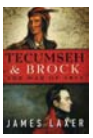
I Just Ran is the compelling story of Canadian runner Percy Williams, who triumphed at the 1928 Amsterdam Olympic Games, earning gold medals in both the 100-metre and 200-metre races.

Author Samuel Hawley is clear from the book's first evocative pages that Williams was a modest, introverted, and shy young man who did not want the fame, notoriety, or media attention that accompanied his success. Hawley writes that Williams even preferred other activities to running: rugby, tennis, shooting targets, and being a cadet. But running came naturally to him and was an undeniable gift.

I Just Ran is a classic story of an unwilling hero's journey. The prose is beautiful and the book includes photographs of Williams, his family, and the coach who nurtured and supported his athletic career.

This book isn't just for sports fans or history buffs; its story of personal growth and development, as both an Olympic athlete and a human being, will appeal to anyone.

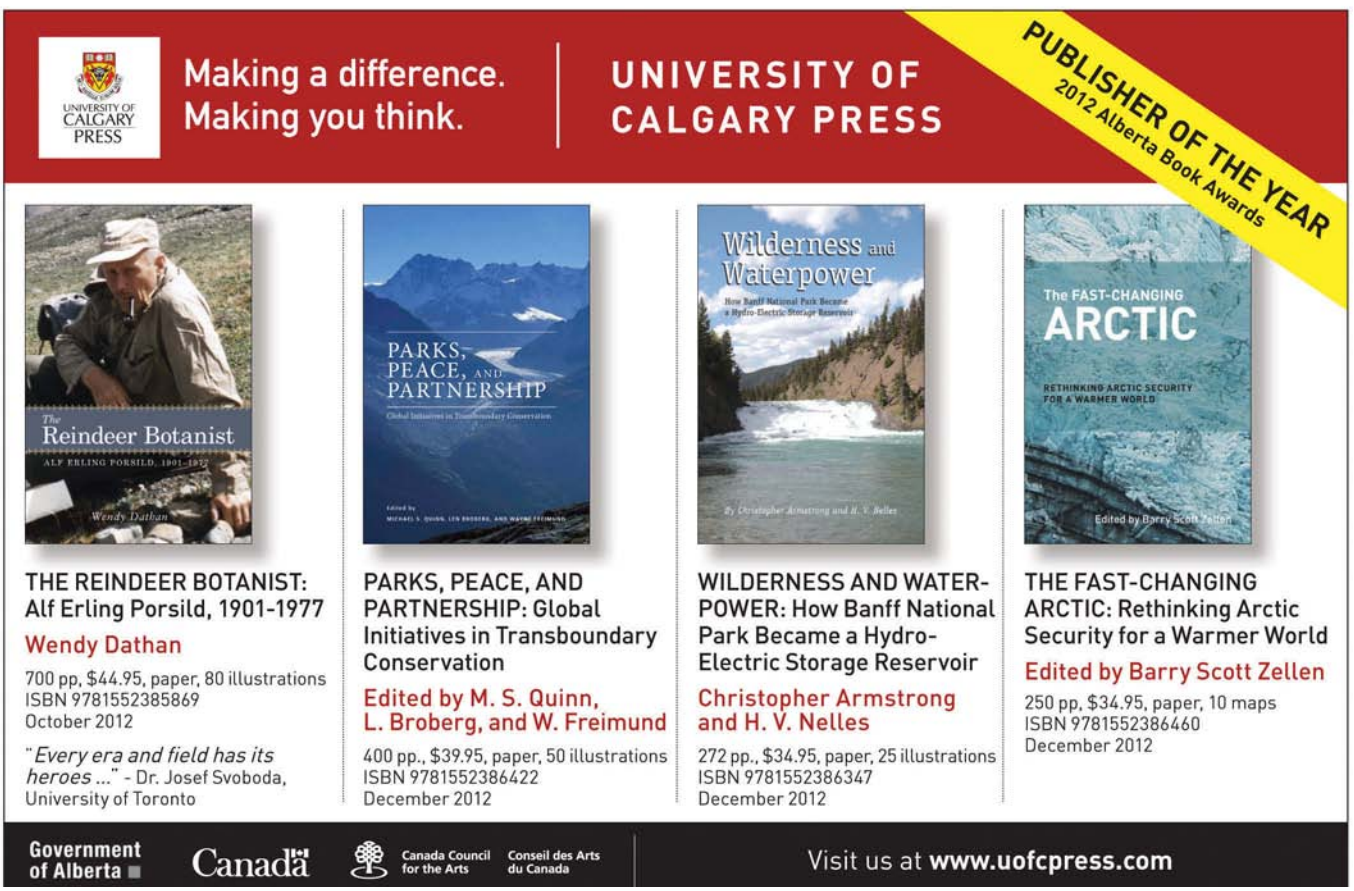
— **Norah Myers**



Tecumseh and Brock: The War of 1812
by James Laxer
Anansi, Toronto, 2012
368 pp., $29.95 hardcover

With the exception perhaps of Laura Secord, who has been preserved through chocolate into Canadian folklore, Sir Isaac Brock and Tecumseh are easily the most well-known Canadian icons and heroes of the War of 1812. The timely release of *Tecumseh and Brock*, a new book by York University political scientist James Laxer, provides an opportunity to examine the lives of both of these heroes.

The trust they shared in each other helped to guide the British forces through the tenuous first few months of the war. Their aggressive style, which ultimately led to both of their deaths, changed the tone of the war from what could have been an easy American victory into a protracted struggle. While Brock died trying to retake his cannon on Queenston Heights, Tecumseh died making a last stand against the American forces of General William Henry Harrison, who had shattered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272 pp., $34.95, paper, 25 illustrations
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a retreating British line.

As Laxer points out, "without meaning to, they placed themselves among the founders of a country that one day would span the continent." Neither Brock nor Tecumseh were born in Canada, wanted to become Canadian, or had dreams of some future Canadian state. They fought for different reasons but together found a connection that likely saved Upper and Lower Canada from being swallowed by the United States.

— **Joel Ralph**

Canada's Entrepreneurs: From the Fur Trade to the 1929 Stock Market Crash
edited by J. Andrew Ross and Andrew D. Smith
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2011
606 pp., illus., $39.95 paperback

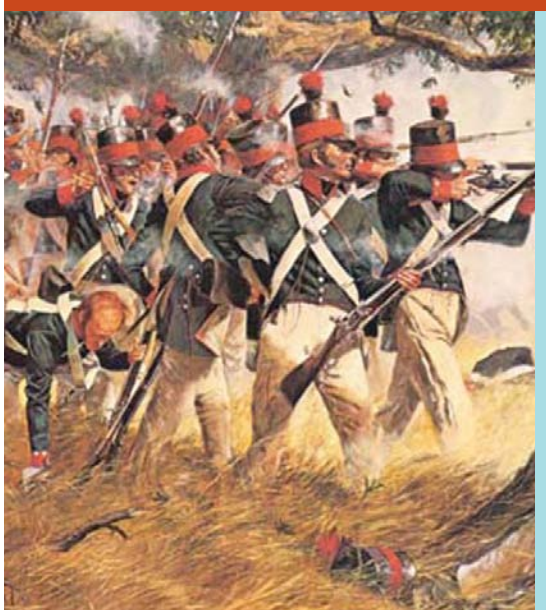
Those familiar with Canada's seminal biographical reference, the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, will know that the print volumes publish biographies by the order of the death date of the subjects. The challenge of searching specific historical figures by name or subject area was made significantly easier when this reference was brought online in 2003.

Through their selection of sixty-one biographies of Canadian entrepreneurs, J. Andrew Ross and Andrew D. Smith help to make this rich collection even more accessible for their intended audience. Wherever possible, the original authors of the biographies were invited to update their work based on new historical evidence that has appeared since the original time of publication.

On the whole, editing has been minimal. However, in packaging the biographies together and enhancing them with captioned images and a list of suggested readings for those seeking even more information about these persons, Ross and Smith succeed in providing context and perspective for the accomplishments of these extraordinary people.

— **Deborah Morrison**

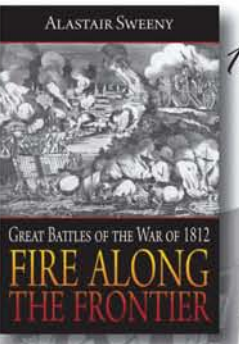
Coming up in Canada's History



Who Won the War of 1812?
Two hundred years after the conflict, there is no definitive answer to that question. However, there is unanimous agreement about who lost. by Donald E. Graves

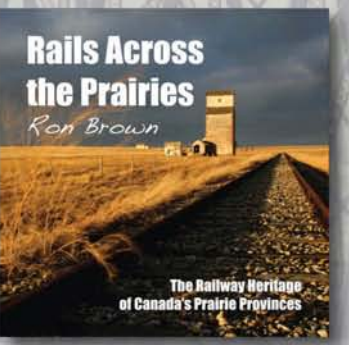
Give Me Shelter
It's easy and cheap to build your own backyard fallout shelter, the federal government told Canadians during the Cold War. Yet, despite threats of nuclear annihilation, hardly anyone did. by Andrew Burtch

The Great Trek North
In one of the great Canadian migrations, 45,000 Saskatchewan residents abandoned their farms during the Great Depression and moved to the northern forests. by Merle Massie



1812 A Bicentennial Book

FIRE ALONG THE FRONTIER
Great Battles of the War of 1812
by Alastair Sweeny
The first book that looks closely at the major battles of the War of 1812 from a social perspective. Alastair Sweeny goes behind the scenes to examine business activity during the war.



RAILS ACROSS THE PRAIRIES
The Railway Heritage of Canada's Prairie Provinces
by Ron Brown
Canada's rail lines were pivotal in establishing the icons that mark today's landscape: massive bridges, sentinel-like grain elevators, wayside stations. Odd and unusual place names dot the lines, while ghost towns and stories abound.

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Author Joseph Boyden, centre, poses with, from left, arts winner Melanie Jewell, writing winner Tommy Starr, arts winner Victoria Swain, and writing winner Stephanie Wesley.

WINNING WORDS

Competition celebrates young Aboriginal writers and artists.

An illustrated story of one young man's search for his heritage. And a timely tale of racism and violence in modern-day northern Ontario. These were the topics of the winning stories in the Historica-Dominion Institute's annual Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge.

The winner of the junior writing category was seventeen-year-old Tommy Starr from Pine Creek First Nation in northern Manitoba. His entry was entitled, "A Day with the Grandfathers."

The winner of the senior writing category was Stephanie Wesley, 29, of Lac Seul First Nation, near Thunder Bay, Ontario. Her story was entitled "Jonas."

Presented by Enbridge Inc. for the past eight years and co-sponsored by Canada's History Society, the challenge has invited youth from across Canada to explore an aspect of their heritage through literary and visual arts for a chance to win more than part of $15,000 in prizes.

A special awards ceremony was held in Winnipeg on June 21 to celebrate the winners. The host of the event was award-winning author Joseph Boyden.

"This year's competition saw the largest number of entries in the event's history," Boyden said. "The competition was fierce, and all of the winners are wonderfully talented."

Starr's story tells the tale of an Aboriginal boy who spends an afternoon with his grandfather, and is introduced into a then-unknown world of historical and spiritual Aboriginal knowledge. Starr wrote the text of the story. It was illustrated by his high school friend, Collin Chartrand of Duck Bay, Manitoba.

"Jonas" tells the story of the disturbing disappearance of an Aboriginal boy in Thunder Bay. Wesley says she was inspired to write her story by the mysterious deaths of several Aboriginal students that have occurred in that region over the past decade.

"I chose to write about the subject of Anishinaabe students who have died while attending high school over the last decade in Thunder Bay, Ontario, because it is an issue that is close to my heart," she said. "I pray for the safety of our youth and hope to inspire them to live the good life and to keep pursuing their dreams and education."

The winners of the Arts challenge were Victoria Swain, 17, of Bruce Mines, Ontario, and Melanie Jewell, 24, of Fort Smith, Northwest Territories.

The 2012 award ceremony featured a high-energy performance from the Aboriginal School of Dance and was attended by youth as well as community leaders.

"Each year the challenge grows, as more and more First Nations, Métis, and Inuit youth create compelling pieces, sharing their heritage and talent through this competition," said Jeremy Diamond, director of the Historica-Dominion Institute. "The institute is excited to celebrate this new generation of artists and storytellers and all of this year's winners."

— **Mark Reid**

Jonas

By Stephanie Wesley, Lac Seul First Nation, Ontario

"Where's Jonas?" Mrs. Bell asked from her desk in her eleventh grade English class at Dennis Franklin Cromarty High School (DFC).

DFC was funded by the Northern Nishawbe Education Council, and it was a private school in Thunder Bay, Ontario, that only Anishinabek students from Northern First Nations of the province could attend. DFC first opened its doors to students in the year 2000. Anishinabek families from the most remote and isolated parts of Ontario rejoiced with visions of their children graduating from the first Native high school of its kind and going on to live successful lives. Most of the students would succeed, except for a certain few.

Sadly, over the course of DFC's history seven of its students would die mysterious, alcohol-related deaths. No one understood why seven young bodies had been pulled from the rivers of Thunder Bay; they couldn't find any answers. Some believed it was by accident that the students fell into rivers.

Others thought there was a darker reason behind the deaths. It was hard to rule deaths homicides when there weren't any suspects, but motive was not hard to find. Some residents of Thunder Bay could be very cruel and racist with their beliefs, attitudes, and actions towards DFC's students. Culture shock, homesickness, and prejudice often led to underage-drinking, but not all the time.

Some students chose not play with firewater, and they did well during their time at DFC. The students could come out of their shells while at the school — save for those who were shell-less to begin with.

"Jonas hasn't been at school since Thursday," Laura Machimity said in a nonchalant tone. She was very shell-less.

Laura Machimity was a seventeen-year-old honour-roll student who earned straight As. She was a member of North Spirit Lake First Nation. She was raised in Winnipeg and attended public schools until eleventh grade. Laura's grandparents (who lived in North Spirit Lake) took custody over her so that she could attend DFC. As smart and beautiful as she was (great teeth, long brown hair and high cheekbones), she could be just as cruel.

Everyone in the school knew that Laura wasn't friendly, even her best-friend Emma Loon. Emma caught eyes with Mrs. Bell and smiled.

"My boyfriend said Jonas texted him all weekend and that he was being weird," Emma chimed. Laura looked at her.

"I got a dumb text from him, too. Pervert." Laura said, unimpressed.

"Is everything okay with him, Laura?" Mrs. Bell asked. Laura frowned as she shrugged.

"I don't talk to him anymore," Laura replied.

Mrs. Bell nodded; she remembered that Laura had broken up with Jonas. Now Jonas was missing but still texting. "I see," is all Mrs. Bell could say.

Jonas Southwind (Sandy Lake First Nation) was a sixteen-year-old from a broken home. During his free time, Jonas read a lot of books. He could often be found in the music room playing an acoustic guitar, but the music room was silent as of late. Jonas was reported missing Saturday by his boarding home. It was now Monday and his grandmother, Aniska Southwind, had been calling the school all day.

Aniska was the only family Jonas had left. His mother died while in a hotel room with a very disturbed individual named Gordon Paul Jordan.

Gordon (a balding, overweight non-Native) liked to feed Native women alcohol until they died from alcohol poisoning. Jonas was placed in the care of a babysitter so his mother could go off with the strange man and his whiskey.

Jonas was only three months old when his mother died. He carried a black-and-white picture of her in his pocket at all times. The photo was in terrible shape, but he cherished it anyway. His mother was a beautiful Ojicree woman. He never met his father.

"It's not him on the phone," a voice said. Mrs. Bell looked up to see who had spoken. Grace Kakegamic smiled at her. Laura rolled her eyes — she didn't like Grace.

Grace was only fifteen, yet she was in the senior English class. She was a perfect student, smart and well-read. Grace also grew up with Jonas in Sandy Lake, and they had been best friends up until a few months ago, when Laura started dating Jonas.

"What do you mean, Grace?" Mrs. Bell asked.

"It isn't him. I spoke to some guy who was making fun of me, said I had an 'injun' accent," Grace explained.

"Well you do have an 'injun' accent," Laura laughed.

"That's because I am an Indian." Grace replied."And what are you, Laura? An indenial?"

There were a few laughs from the classroom. Laura wouldn't have that.

"I am an Anishinaabe Ikwe. If you want to refer to yourself the way Columbus did our ancestors, feel free. I won't stop you from sounding like a moron." Laura sneered. Laura was happy that the laughs were now at Grace's expense.

Mrs. Bell told the class to settle down so she could get on with the day's lesson, finding it hard not to wonder about Jonas. She couldn't help but think of the students who had died over the years.

Before she dismissed the class, she let her students know that they would all become a catalyst for change in their communities, hoping to inspire them to succeed and not drink.

She also now knew that something was wrong, because a stranger had Jonas's phone.

After speaking with the principal and the police about it after class, the phone was eventually tracked to another high school in the city through its GPS. A non-

Native teen named Jeremy had Jonas's iPhone — and he was in tears as he sat in his principal's office.

"We didn't mean to hurt him," Jeremy sobbed, "we only wanted to scare him. He ran towards the river, and we couldn't find him!"

It was March, and the ice on the Kaministiqua River would be breaking up soon, so that was the last thing anyone wanted to hear. A search party was set up that very afternoon. By Wednesday morning, thirty volunteers lined the banks of the river in search of Jonas Southwind. His grandmother was flown in from Sandy Lake.

"I can feel him. I know he is still alive," Aniska Southwind said to a member of the search party as they walked along the river. Aniska always felt a strong bond with her grandson; she knew he would grow to become a great man. She had seen someone like Jonas in a dream.

Meanwhile, Laura had seen the nurse. She hadn't been feeling so great lately.

She sat down in the cafeteria and tried not to think of Jonas. His last text was on her mind. He wanted to know why Laura broke up with him but she already told him; they were both from the Bear clan.

When Laura's grandmother found out who Laura was dating, she ordered Laura to stop.

"You are both Bears! That is not right!"

"Kookum, Jonas, and I are not related!" Laura had cried.

"Find someone from a different clan!"

So Laura ended it with Jonas, even though they had no blood relation. All tribes and clans had different beliefs, and it was wrong for her to see one of her own people. According to Laura's grandmother, Jonas's dad was from the Bear clan.

Emma Loon sat down with her boyfriend Jamie Sutherland at Laura's table. Laura didn't know why Emma liked Jamie; he drank too much and was always picking fights.

"Did they fish anybody out of the river yet?" Laura asked Emma. Emma held back a giggle. "Jonas is just doing this for attention, anyway."

"Why are you so mean?" Grace asked from behind Laura. Laura turned to look up at Grace.

"Excuse you, don't listen to my conversations!" Laura ordered.

"You speak so loudly, you want everyone to hear! Stop being such a witch, Laura!" Grace replied.

"I am not being a—"

"Yes you are! You always are! You make fun of everybody, and you act like everyone is below you! You're such a bad person!"

"Settle down!" Laura tried to say as she rose to her feet to face Grace. The whole cafeteria was watching.

Laura felt a wave of nausea wash over her. She looked down at Emma, who only looked away. Laura couldn't fight back her nausea any longer, so she pushed Grace aside and ran out of the cafeteria.

In the library, Noel Beardy (Wunnumin First Nation) was trying to figure out what Mrs. Bell meant in class. He was going to be a "cattle list" for his community? What did that mean, anyway? He opened up Google on the library's computer and tried searching for cattle lists. Nothing came up, except: Did you mean catalyst?

Noel clicked catalyst.

After reading the definition for the word, he found the fourth entry suited what his teacher said the most. Catalyst: a person whose words, enthusiasm, or energy causes others to be more friendly and energetic as well as enthusiastic. Noel smiled as he folded his arms over his chest. Could he really inspire his people?

He then caught a whiff of something awful.

Noel's eyes fell on the door in the library that went to the basement. This door was usually locked, but now it was slightly open. Noel got up from his chair to find out where the smell was coming from.

The entire school was sent to their boarding homes after Noel made his discovery in the basement. Aniska Southwind sat in DFC'S library. She stared blankly at the door to the basement as policemen and emergency response people shuffled in and out of the room. She couldn't believe what everyone was telling her.

"He is still here; I know he is still here. I can feel a part of him," Aniska said.

She lowered her head as she tried to remember the feel of his arms around her; she closed her eyes and wept.

Jonas Southwind was confronted by a group of non-Native teenagers in a car while waiting for the bus Friday night after visiting some friends in Fort William First Nation. They accused him of beating up one of their friends. Jonas resembled the person responsible for the assault (Jamie Sutherland) because he was Native and was wearing a grey sweater. After they assaulted Jonas, he fled towards the Kaministiqua River, dropping the iPhone that Jeremy would later make obscene texts with.

Jonas didn't fall in the river, though. He waited on the river's edge — the same one Aniska had walked along. The group hung around the bridge over the river for a while before leaving. Jonas didn't want to go home with a black eye and a busted lip.

He walked back to his school and let himself in through an unlocked window. Jonas then broke into the janitor's storage room and found an old can of lacquer. He'd never tried huffing before, but he was too scared to drink and he just wanted to feel better.

When he was found a few days later, Jonas was holding a piece of his ripped, lacquer-soaked sweater in his right hand and a photo of his mother in his left. Jonas had died from cardiac arrest in the basement of his school; he was only sixteen.

Laura, her eyes red from crying, sat in her bedroom. She clenched her hands together so tight her knuckles had almost turned white.

The nurse came over to her boarding home to give her the results of a test she had taken the day before; there was too much commotion with the discovery of Jonas in the basement for the nurse to tell her sooner.

Laura was mad at Jonas. She was mad at those stupid kids who beat him up. She was mad at Grace, at the teachers, at the nurse, at Thunder Bay.

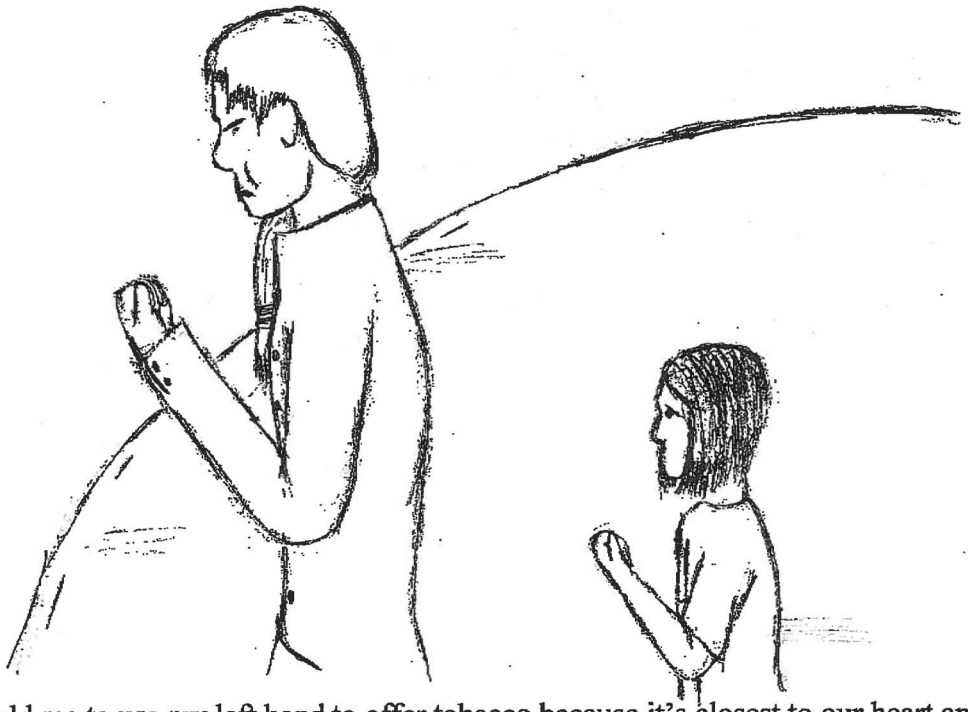
She was mad at herself. But she couldn't be mad at who was now growing inside of her, the part of Jonas that Aniska had felt. Laura looked over at the nurse.

"What's going to happen now?" Laura asked. The nurse smiled a little. "You start a new path," the nurse said. "You keep going forward, Laura, you and your classmates. Don't let anything hold you back."

[*Editor's note: The length of this story has been condensed for space considerations.*]

A Day With the Grandfathers

Text by Tommy Starr, Pine Creek First Nation, Illustrations by Collin Chartrand



He told me to use my left hand to offer tobacco because it's closest to our heart and soul. He told me to follow his movements. I grabbed a pinch of tobacco and followed my grandpa's movements, west, south, east and north.

As soon as I got out of bed, I ran into my mother's room to wake her up. I was jumping on her bed like a pup jumping for some treats.

I kept yelling, "Wake up! Wake up!" She sprung out of bed as if she was a cat that was just sprayed with water. I laughed for a brief moment at her actions.

I told her to drive me on our quad. She replied in a tired voice, "Drive yourself or call your grandpa for a ride." I frowned at her and mumbled, "Okay then."

I phoned my grandpa, and he said, "Okay, my boy."

I rushed outside, toward the road, to meet my grandpa. I thought I would get to his house faster if I did this. When I got to the road, I waited impatiently, tapping my foot on the ground.

I needed something to entertain me while I waited. I spotted a caterpillar on the road. At first, I was going to squish it, but I remembered my grandpa's words, "We, Natives, are healers and take care of the land. We shall not harm nature, only help it."

I carefully picked him up and helped him across the road and told him, "You owe me one." As he went crawling away, I wondered what kind of butterfly it would become.

I heard the car approaching and I turned around with cat-like reflexes. I chase my grandpa's car like an excited puppy. My grandpa was smiling and giggling at me. I opened the car door and gave my grandpa a hug and yelled out, "Let's go." He laughed, and we rushed back to his house.

While getting out of the car, my grandpa Gordon told me my great-grandpa Old Zach would be joining us in the teaching. My great-grandpa Old Zach was a real wise man. He has so much knowledge, it scared me sometimes.

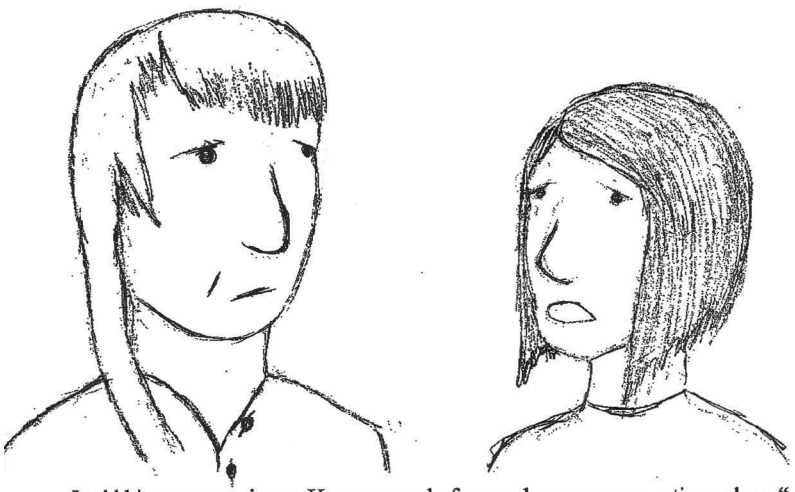
As we walked toward the sweat lodge, I asked him what it was used for. He answered, "It's for cleansing your body and getting in touch with your spirit." I was proud to be Native and the grandson of a well-known elder.

As I walked slowly around the dome-shape lodge, I spotted Old Zach sitting there, sharpening a stick. I stood frozen, watching him work.

He spoke to me in our language, Ojibwe. I turned to my grandpa Gordon, and squeaking like a mouse, I asked, "What did he say?" My grandpa Gordon replied, "He said fo—." Old Zach said, "Stop, he'll know what it means when the time comes."

I'm the type of person that has to know everything. "I hate teases …," I said slowly. My grandpa Gordon looked at me and pulled out our traditional medicine, tobacco. "This is what you offer and pray with. Now then, let's begin," he instructed.

He told me to use my left hand to offer tobacco because it's closest to our



I told him my experience. He was proud of me and gave me my native colors, "yellow, green, red, blue, brown, orange, and at last black." By telling him what I experienced (in dreamland I call it) he knew what my spirit name should become. "Your spirit name will be Black Spirit Bear of the bear clan."

heart and soul. He told me to follow his movements. I grabbed a pinch of tobacco and followed my grandpa's movements, west, south, east and north.

He stood still and told me, "Pray to the Great Spirit, Kitche Manitou, and tell him to give you well mind and being." I prayed for a short time and made an offering into the fire.

My grandpa asked me if I knew what was in the fire. "Rocks?" I replied, sounding puzzled. He said, "They are called grandfathers."

"Grandfathers," I said. "Yes, my grandson, they are wiser than we all. They've lived and witnessed many things over hundreds of years." My grandpa Gordon sure sounded wise! "Now that you know the praying, we can move onto the medicines. I'll let Old Zach take this part," grandpa explained.

Old Zach stood up and said "You know what Vicks is?" "Yes," I replied, "The stuff you use for colds?" "Yes, you see this? This is our Vicks — it's natural bear grease. It heals you ten times faster." My grandpa Gordon jumped in: "And it makes you ten times greasier, too!" He laughed like a maniac at his own joke.

While Old Zach and I ignored him and kept on with the medicines, he was telling me what they are and what we used them for when sick. My grandma Lena came outside to give us lunch, and did I love her desserts and treats!

My Grandpa and I were eating and talking about what we would learn next. After lunch, Old Zach asked me: "Healer, harvester, hunter or caretaker?" I knew Old Zach's category wasn't there. He was a medicine man, bringing good or bad luck on people. But people knew him for the good part of it. His medicine could be why I feared him so much.

I was finished the day and was told I was going to get a spirit name tomorrow in the sweat lodge. Boy was I scared to go inside there, not knowing what I'll see! I slept worried and terrified. I woke up early and drove to my grandpas on the quad. When approaching my grandpa's house, I noticed some smoke and knew they were getting ready for the ceremony.

I jumped off the quad and ran to the back. My grandpa Gordon asked me if I remembered what he told me yesterday, and I answered "yes." I grabbed a pinch of tobacco and let it drop out of my hand after I prayed. "Follow my steps," he instructed.

I followed him into the sweat lodge. It was very dark and I couldn't see my hands. My grandpa Gordon started to sing and drum. It was getting hotter every second as I looked around. I started seeing my grandpa's drum glow, and white streaks were everywhere.

I got slightly terrified and felt myself slipping away slowly from reality. My experience was amazing and changed my life forever! I remember walking through the bushes lost and worried, knowing I was missing something from inside. I searched and searched.

While searching, I came across multiple ribbons on the ground, found in different places. I picked up a yellow one lying by a sleeping bear. Next, I picked up a green one, which was tied to a tree, then a red one lying beside a lifeless bison.

As I was finding these ribbons I was feeling more and more complete inside, as if a void was being filled. I later found a blue and brown ribbon along a lakeside but they acted as if they were a fish. I fished it out like a bear and got them both after several tries.

I moved on and came across a ribbon that was orange and looked like a butterfly. I was puzzled and figured out what my great-grandpa Old Zach meant when he said, "follow the butterfly, follow me" because Old Zach's name was Butterfly man.

I ran and followed it to this dark black cave. The butterfly was a caterpillar again, and I recognized it from the one on the road and told it, "Thank you."

As I approached the dark abyss of the cave, I saw a black ribbon. I ran to grab it, but as I grabbed it I heard a loud growl. Looking up quickly, I had seen a black bear charging right at me. As it jumped at me, I stared with fear, and it felt as if the bear rushed into my chest.

Splash! "Wake up my boy!" my grandpa yelled. I opened my eyes "What happened?" "You tell me!" my grandpa Gordon chuckled.

I told him my experience. He was proud of me and gave me my Native colours, "yellow, green, red, blue, brown, orange, and, at last, black." By telling him what I experienced (in dreamland I call it) he knew what my spirit name should become. "Your spirit name will be Black Spirit Bear of the bear clan."

I was so proud and happy that day. Through that experience I felt complete and in peace, which matured me into the man I am today.

Enbridge is proud to support the Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge.

This annual celebration of excellence reminds us just how important it is to listen to the voice of our native youth and respect their connection to the land, the community and their past. We would like to congratulate Tommy Starr and Stephanie Wesley for finishing first in their Writing Competition categories. And we'd also like to congratulate Victoria Swain and Melanie Jewel for winning their age divisions in the Arts Competition. Your winning contributions stand as an ongoing inspiration to Enbridge and our sponsorship of programs like the Historica-Dominion Institute's Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge. Because at Enbridge, we believe in delivering more than the energy people count on. We want to deliver on our commitment to foster the education and talents of Aboriginal youth.

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A rolling field of lava dominates the terrain in the Nass Valley of British Columbia.

LAUREN KRAMER

Lava field adventures

The site of a 250-year-old natural disaster has a fascinating history. by Lauren Kramer

No visit to Terrace, in northern British Columbia, is complete without taking a drive into the Nass Valley to see the lava fields. The fields contain the remnants of Canada's most recent volcanic eruption, which took place in the 1700s. Molten lava spilled into the valley, covering about eighteen thousand hectares of land and killing about two thousand Nisga'a people. Its devastating ten-kilometre course also diverted the Tseax River, pushed the Nass River further north, and destroyed two Nisga'a villages.

A journey to the 179-square-kilometre Nisga'a Memorial Lava Bed Provincial Park is nothing if not eerie. Mountains covered in the thick foliage of verdant rainforests give way suddenly to a massive river of sharp molten rock that stretches as far as the eye can see. Some surfaces are smooth and wavy, covered in yellow-white lichen. In other places the lava has formed large, jagged boulders that are stacked high on top of each other. This is a landscape dominated by cinder cones, lava tubes, caves, tree casts, and pahoehoe, the geological term for smooth, unbroken lava that has formed with a ropy appearance.

The park, which opened in 1992 and is jointly managed by BC Parks and the Nisga'a Nation, is considered a Nisga'a spiritual resting place and burial ground. A sign near the entrance cautions visitors to be respectful: "Tread lightly and leave the lava rocks where they are, for they are the headstones of our forefathers."

Nisga'a legend says the volcano erupted because two children of the tribe's wolf clan were being cruel to salmon. They cut slits into the backs of live salmon and inserted stones and burning sticks, causing the fish to swim erratically like burning candles. Their elders warned the children to stop, cautioning that the salmon would curse them and that the Creator would respond in kind, but the youngsters refused to listen. The ground began to tremble and shake. A scout sent to investigate saw smoke and flames. He ran to warn the people of their fiery destiny. The villagers tried to flee, but many were killed. According to the legend, a powerful supernatural being eventually emerged to block the lava's advance.

A recent scientific theory holds that the eruption was triggered by the powerful Cascadia earthquake of January 26, 1700. The event is considered Canada's worst geophysical disaster of recent times. An earlier theory puts the date of the eruptions at 1750 or 1775.

To reach the park, drive north from Terrace along the Nisga'a Highway for a hundred kilometres.

Watch for bears if you are travelling in spring or summer, because sightings are frequent. Large grizzly and black bears, many with young cubs in tow, are likely to cross the road just metres from your vehicle. It's a magnificent journey past indigo lakes, old-growth forests, creeks, and tumbling waterfalls, which makes the contrast between this landscape and the stark lava fields all the more startling.

It may not look like it upon first glance, but those lava fields are alive. Covering many of the rock surfaces are lichens — pioneer plants that draw nutrients from the lava rock and form over many decades.

"If you were to step on a lichen plant, your footprint would last a long, long time," says Brian Downie, who offers guided van tours into the Nass Valley. "Today you can still see a recognizable trail on the lichens where people and equipment crossed over it forty years ago."

The park contains a sixteen-site campground and a visitor centre, open May 15 through Labour Day. Visitors can hike three kilometres to a viewpoint overlooking the volcanic crater, but only with a tour operator and only on the designated trail.

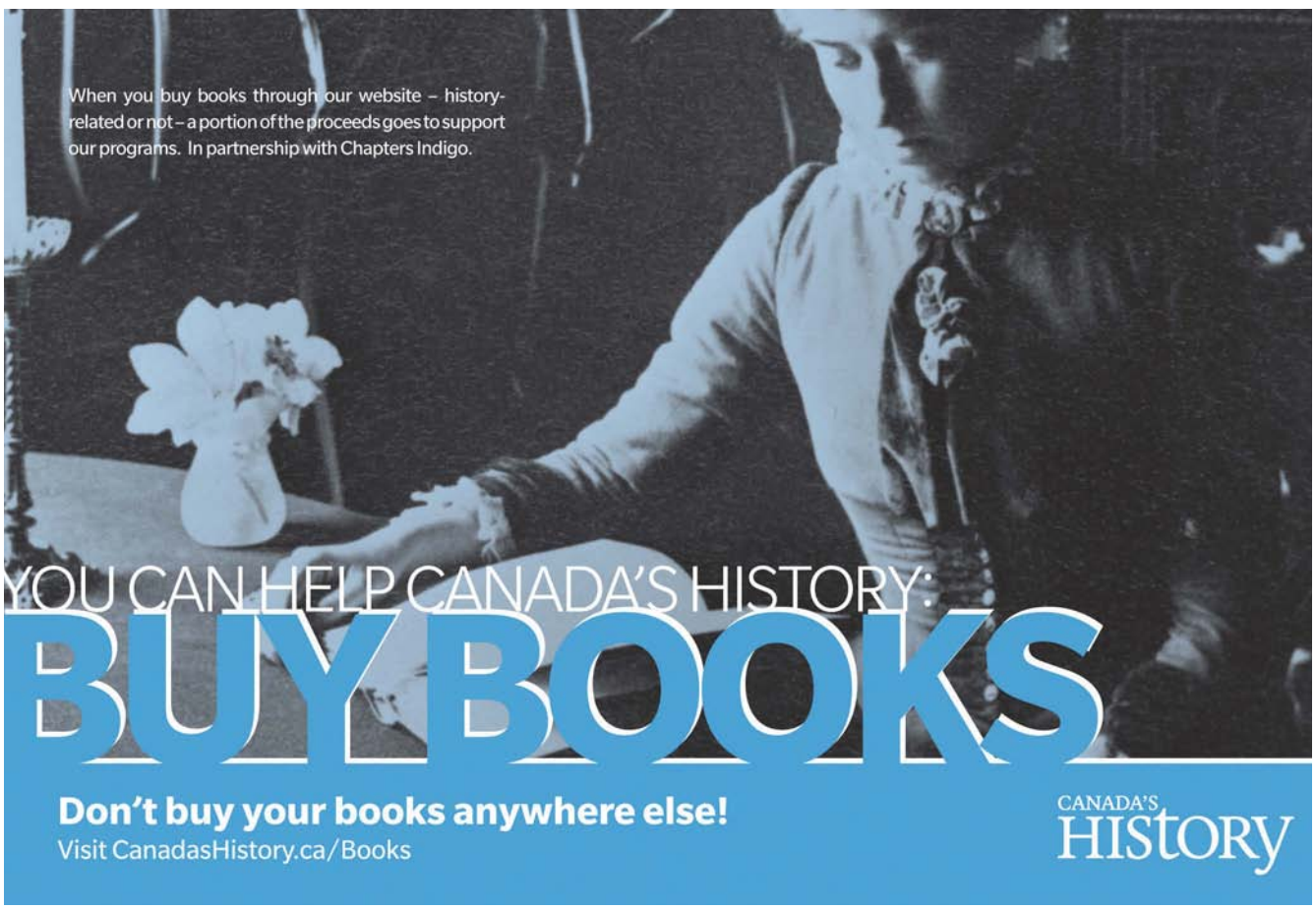
That's because, as hard and sturdy as it looks, in some places the lava is thin and could easily give way under pressure, collapsing into a cavern beneath it.

The hike takes visitors past different formations in the lava. Look carefully and you can see how it flowed in waves, cooling in layers and giving some rocks an onion-like appearance. You might also see wolves, mountain goats, moose, deer, eagles, and other wildlife in the park.

The Nisga'a continue to live in the area, with four villages — New Aiyansh, Canyon City, Greenville, and Kincolith — located outside the park. Greenville is home to the Nisga'a Museum, which opened in May 2011.

Located forty minutes from the lava beds, the museum showcases over three hundred artifacts, including masks, tools, basketry, and weaving. Some date as far back as four hundred years. The museum is open year-round, but only by appointment in winter.

For more information about visiting Terrace and area, go to either VisitTerrace.com or Terrace.ca. Both sites offer detailed instructions on how to get there. Two tour operators lead excursions into the park: Nass Valley Tours (nassvalleytours.com) offers walking tours while Split Mountain Adventures (splitmountain.ca) offers guided bus or van tours. For more information visit env.gov.bc.ca/bcparks/explore/parkpgs/nisgaa/.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Ron Davidson is the son of William James Davidson and lives in Metcalfe, Ontario.
Text by Ryan Kessler.

Wilderness loggers

William James Davidson (second from the left) emigrated to Minitonas, Manitoba, from Owen Sound, Ontario, with his father, mother, and seven siblings to start a farm. In 1899, the railway was built only as far as Dauphin, Manitoba, so the family had to travel by wagon into the Swan River Valley.

While attempting to cross a swollen river, the wagon and horses were trapped by the current and pulled downstream. Fortunately, a shallow bar stopped the horses and all were saved, including one-year-old Estelle and eleven-year-old Edna, who clung to the front seat of the cart.

Living on the frontier was no easy feat. This picture shows one of many side jobs the family members took in order to sustain themselves. William's brother John, seated third from the left, and wife Ethyl May, standing fourth from the left, helped in the logging business near Mafeking, Manitoba.

William later took more stable work as a general contractor in Winnipeg, where he poured the first reinforced concrete in the city at Point Douglas, along the Red River.

In 1912, Edna went on to marry Arthur J. Richardson, one of the operators of the Richardson Brothers Art Gallery, the largest art gallery in Western Canada at the time.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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The Vimy Pilgrimage Award (the Award) recognizes the actions of young people who demonstrate outstanding service, positive contributions, notable deeds, bravery or leadership. Their acts may have served their peers, schools, communities, province or country. Scholastic achievement is not a criterion for this Award.

Award

The Award consists of a fully funded, week-long educational program in Vimy, France, to study Canada's tremendous First World War effort. This week, scheduled for early April 2013 and organized by The Vimy Foundation, will include classroom education and daily field trips to important First World War sites.

Nomination

Applicants are required to submit a motivation letter (500-word maximum) outlining the reasons why they are worthy of the Award. In choosing Award winners, the Award Committee will put great weight on the enthusiasm and excitement displayed in the motivation letter.

Applications must also include a nomination by: a teacher, guidance counselor or principal; fellow peers; parents; service club; community, provincial or federal organization; or a member of the community, via an official third party nomination form. Applicants must be 14-17 years of age.

Adjudication

Award recipients will be chosen by the Vimy Pilgrimage Award Committee of The Vimy Foundation, a charitable organization dedicated towards ensuring that Canadians remember their country's First World War efforts. Representatives of Canada's History Magazine and True Patriot Love will be on the Committee.

YPO

CANADA'S HISTORY

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For more information and nomination forms, please visit **www.vimyfoundation.ca/pilgrimage-award**.

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